

PERIODICAL

Huntley & Palmers *the first name
you think of in* Biscuits

APR - 2 1949

DETROIT

PUNCH

MARCH

16
1949Vol. CCXVI
No. 5649PUNCH VOL X
PUNCH VOL XI
PUNCH VOL XIIFor conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

HERE, THERE and EVERYWHERE . . . Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES MEDIUM OR MILD PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED



? WHICH YOU



IS MORE ATTRACTIVE

. . . that careless you, casual about her looks, who gives little thought to her make-up? Or that charming creature you can be—who studies her skin and matches it with one of the nine colour-right shades of Yardley Powder? She always begins with an even film of creamy, non-drying Yardley Make-up Base to make sure her powder clings! For expert advice on how to bring out your best self write to Mary Foster, Yardley Beauty Salon, 33 Old Bond Street, London W1



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Make-up Base 6/6, Powder 4/10 (Prices incl. Purchase Tax)

The future in pigs!

From mating to bacon factory takes roughly a year.

If overseas farmers are alarmed by pronouncements in 1946, they will mate fewer pigs in 1947, and in 1948 there will be fewer pigs.

So there is a "short fall" in delivery—by the pig as well as the producer!

Home farmers have a guaranteed price—if only we would give them enough feed they will grow all the pigs they can—for the pig is profitable to the farm in every way.

The 1948 grain harvest was plentiful the world over. Pigs were not.

Press, then, for more food for home-grown pigs. This isn't politics—it's plain commonsense.

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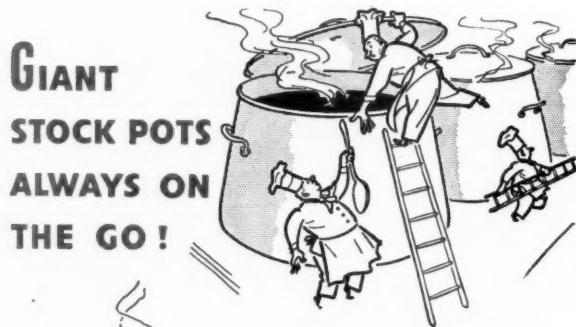
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the Vermouth at the reasonable price

SWEET 11/- DRY 12/6

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STOCK POTS
ALWAYS ON
THE GO!**



Good stock and the finest vegetables skilfully blended, account for the high quality of FRAY BENTOS Soups.

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FRAY BENTOS

AN OXO LTD
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PREPARED BY OXO LIMITED · LONDON



Spoons and forks are quite often obtainable nowadays in the shops. Look for the name "Staybrite" stamped on the article and you are sure of a lifetime's labour-saving and cleanliness.

"Staybrite" steel is made only by
★ FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD., SHEFFIELD
who do not, however, manufacture any of the articles for which it is used.

DIARY OF
A DUSTER

Cheerful Reflections

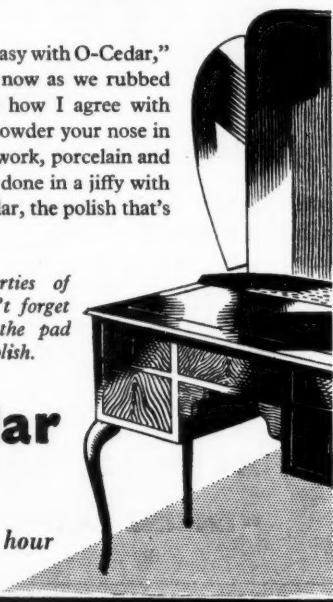
Saturday.—"Polishing's so easy with O-Cedar," murmured Mistress just now as we rubbed up the mahogany. And how I agree with her! You could see to powder your nose in the shining wood. Paintwork, porcelain and tiles all sparkled too—all done in a jiffy with just a few drops of O-Cedar, the polish that's really economical.

To maintain the properties of your O-Cedar Mop, don't forget occasionally to moisten the pad with a little O-Cedar Polish.

O-Cedar

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improves the shining hour



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Wave**



Because it looks so natural. Because it cannot harm your hair. Because there's no heat, no machine, no fuss . . . you'll like this permanent wave better than any other you have ever tried. If you cannot find a hairdresser with the Lustron authorisation sign, write to Lustron, Warwick Road, Boreham Wood, Herts.

*Go to
a skilled
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Lustron

The PROFESSIONAL Permanent Wave



We've got a World plan

THE WORLD has always needed motor cars. But to-day they must be roomy, sturdy, yet attractive to look at—and reasonably priced. Is it possible to include all these features in a single, popular model? We in the Standard Organisation said "Yes, it

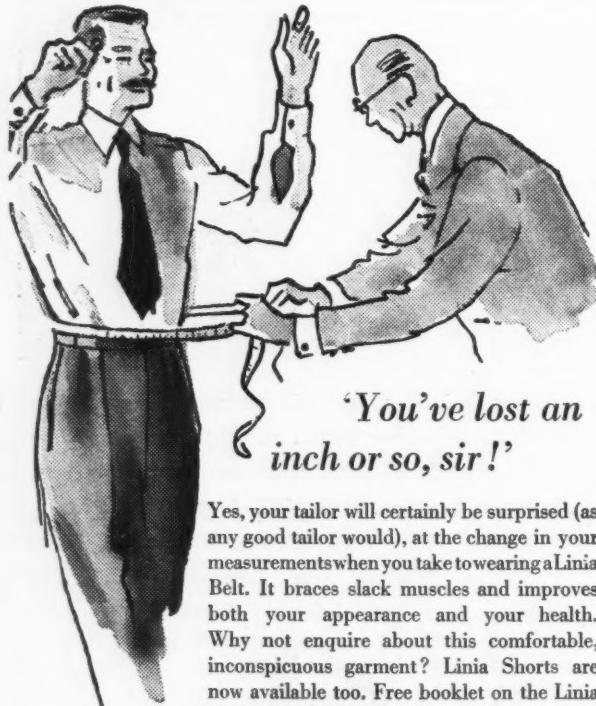
can be done." That is why we are concentrating on a single model—the Standard Vanguard. At our plant in Coventry we have worked out a system of production that enables alternative types of engine—to power either car or tractor—to be manufactured from the same machine tools; workers' incentives increased by a new bonus system; the production target placed at 500 cars a day. One car, one plan, one target. The result—a product that is adding new honours to British engineering craftsmanship all over the world.

The STANDARD Vanguard



Issued by the
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POOR INNOCENT! Little does she realize that it's probably a critical case of "Engine Fatigue"—caused by dirty or faulty plugs that can waste as much as one gallon of petrol in every ten.

CURE: Change to AC plugs today and get more power, more miles to the gallon.

For best results, visit an AC Plug Cleaning and Testing Station regularly.

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"ENGINE FATIGUE"

Punch, March 16 1949

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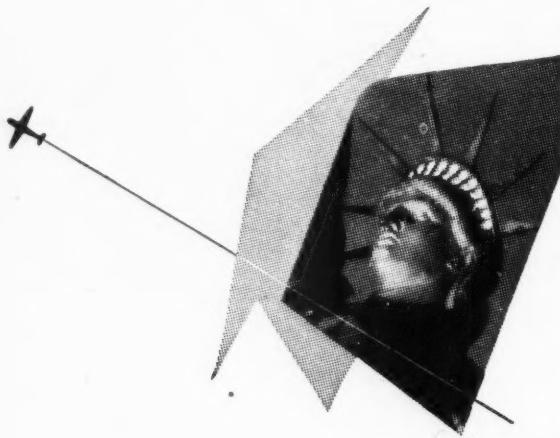
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2 parts 'Myers'
1 part Orange Squash
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Shake well with ice
Serve at once

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DARK & MELLOW
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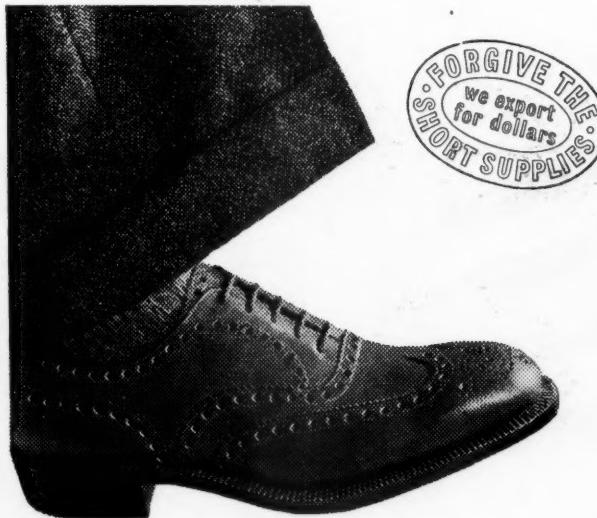
and heads ahead of most

wear hats by . . .



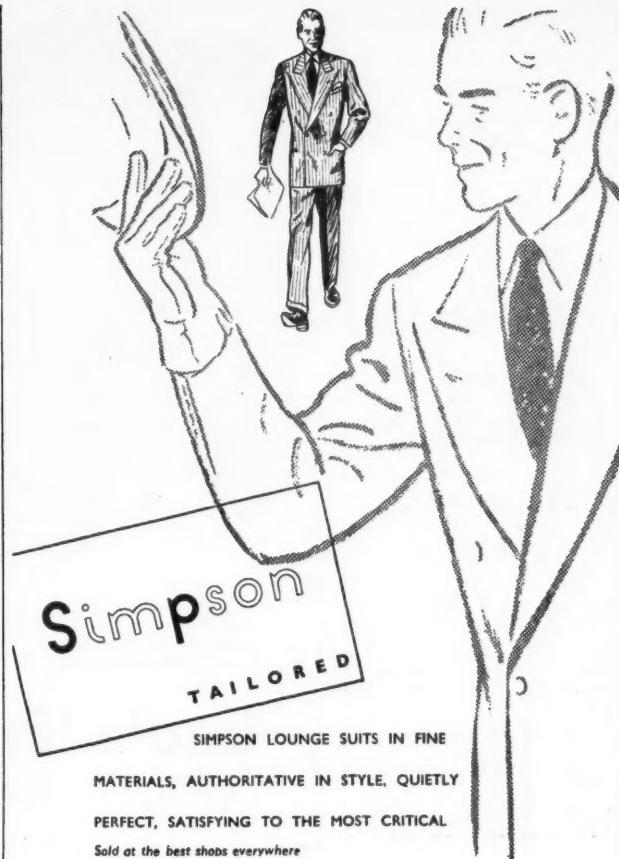
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MATERIALS, AUTHORITATIVE IN STYLE, QUIETLY
PERFECT, SATISFYING TO THE MOST CRITICAL
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*These immaculate lightweight,
hand-sewn gloves are ideal
for Spring wear*

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The answer lies in what is technically called "hidden fit," achieved by expert control of the natural stretch of the leather. Every Dent's

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Look for the Dent's label on the inside. It is the most famous glove label in the world and your guarantee of style and superb quality.

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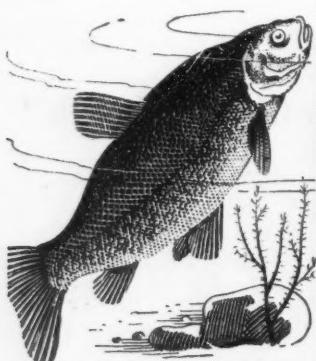


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Of course
you feel
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... when you've had your morning Eno. Your glowing complexion shows how Eno is purifying your bloodstream, and your eyes sparkle — just like those gay little bubbles in your morning glass!

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**shaves so luxuriously and
LASTS SO LONG**

The Craftsmen who make this famous razor believe that there's no razor to equal the hand-forged KROPP. So do users all over the world. British-made from fine Sheffield steel. Lasts a life-time. No grinding. No upkeep costs.

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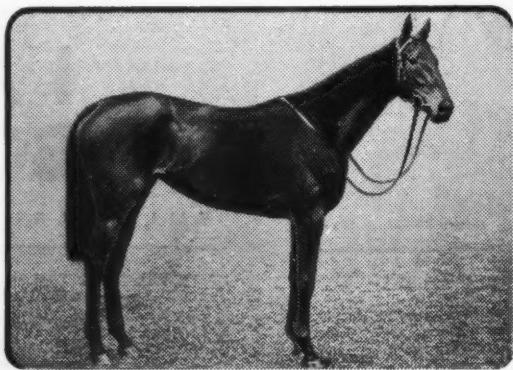
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Bred by the Duke of Westminster, whose executors sold her to Mr. R. S. Sievier. Sceptre had an outstanding racing career. She ran 24 times and shares only with Formosa (1868) the four classic triumphs—1,000 guineas, 2,000 guineas, Oaks and St. Leger. She was an even money favourite for the Derby, and—a rare thing—was entered twice for the Lincolnshire Handicap. Sceptre won 13 races in all, among them the Woodgate Stakes, St. James's Palace Stakes, Jockey Club Cup and Champion Stakes. She died at the age of 27, an honoured pensioner of her sixth owner, Sir William Tatam.

This series is presented by the House of Cope as a tribute to the fine traditions of the Turf. During 54 years of service to sportsmen, David Cope, Ltd., have jealously guarded those traditions. May we send you a copy of our illustrated brochure?

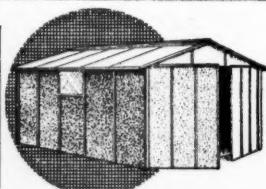
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"NEW ERA"
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A self-propelled house-chair is ridden up special ramps and locked into position in the main "Invacar" chassis. The ramp then folds to form the back plate of the body of the "Invacar."

The model is named the "NEW ERA" and further details will follow.

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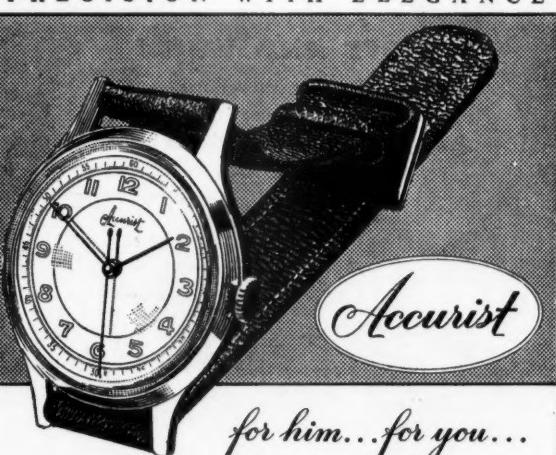
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Price 16/6

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... for anyone who is looking for a really fine watch. Whether it's for yourself or someone else, you want a watch that combines good looks with precision time-keeping. So write for *The Accurist Book of Watches*, which shows illustrations of our many models. The range of prices, recently extended, is from £5 7s. 6d. to £28 10s. Each watch carries a written 5-year guarantee. Order by post, or pay a personal visit to our Regent Street showrooms (closed Saturdays).

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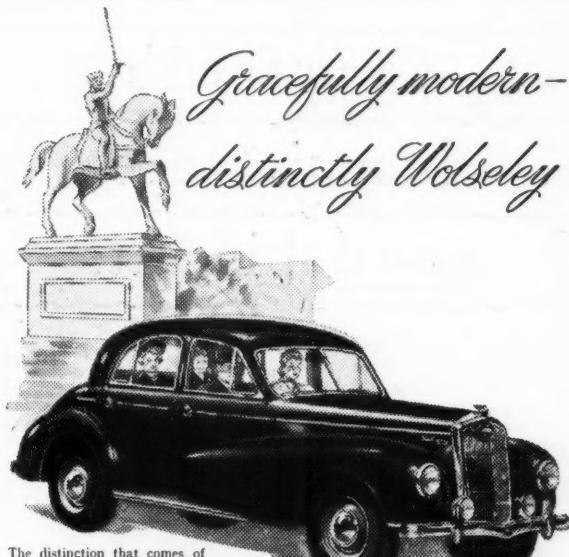
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On sale at your favourite
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The distinction that comes of
traditionally thorough crafts-
manship, superior comfort and
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pride of ownership.

The "Six Eighty": £600 (plus
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Crawford's
biscuits are
good biscuits



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model 612

Improved • Modern • Super-efficient

On sale for the first time — a marvellous new Hoover Cleaner, Model 612, with all kinds of new features. Cleans under lower furniture. Bag easier to empty — and easier to fit. Streamlined design. Broader dirt-finding light. Of course, it beats... as it sweeps... as it cleans. Prolongs life of carpets... keeps colours fresh. And you snap in the cleaning tools for above-the-floor cleaning *instantaneously*. See your Authorised Hoover Dealer and order now. Price with cleaning tools 22 guineas (plus purchase tax). There is a Hoover Cleaner for every size and type of home.



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The HOOVER

It BEATS... as it Sweeps... as it Cleans

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ROYAL ELECTRIC SUCTION FRESHENER



Morlands
THE FAMOUS GLASTONBURYS

Available also in Canada and the U.S.A.



PUNCH

OR

The London Charivari



Vol. CCXVI No. 5649

March 16 1949

Charivaria

AN artist recalls that in his early days he once sold a picture while the paint was still wet. Just as a matter of precaution he cashed the cheque before the ink was dry.



After a dinner at a London restaurant members of a spiritualistic society had a session of table-rapping. Nothing materialized except a Food Ministry inspector who thought there might have been some infringement of the regulations regarding the number of courses served.

A man who obtained a wig under the National Health Service was assured by the doctor that the usual professional secrecy would be observed. The patient, too, is expected to keep it under his hat.

An American after his first visit to a London theatre said he was struck by the long intervals and the revolving stage. He was wrong about the revolving stage. He was probably led astray by the long intervals.

"We are very grateful to Messrs. Mason, Martin, Marsh and Carter, who so ably filled our pulpit during the last month."

"Buckinghamshire Baptist Magazine."

It must look quite empty without them.

Women M.P.s think that the principle of equal pay for equal work should apply to other women too.

There is every kind of useful work for the volunteer helper on the farm, we are told. Including the ploughing in of vegetables too cheap to sell.

A correspondent says he has decided to give up vegetarianism, although gradually. He will find there's no other way.

An Italian visitor to London says there is little change in Soho. Although as a matter of routine waiters still look under the plates.

"POLAR BEAR HUNTS FOR £275"
Heading in "Daily Telegraph."
Run out of bloodhounds?

High Soviet officials are attached to the United Nations organization. But not very.

Many M.P.s are against capital punishment. They consider that it has already taken about as much as it can stand.

Impending Apology

"The work is brilliant, but has little to offer the ordinary listener. Well, as Mr. Richardson played it, I shall not wilt if I never hear it again."—*Staffordshire paper*.

A man who answered a newspaper advertisement offering a new carpet for £15 including tax, is reported to have complained bitterly when the parcel arrived with only the carpet.



The Tokaj-Wine

NOW that in spite of the rude winds of March the buds are breaking forth on every bough and the spring flowers are struggling to unfurl their delicate petals to the sun, now is the time, I think, probably or possibly to drink the Tokaj-wine of Buda Pest.

Trade knows no frontiers, and anyone who wishes to have a hogshead of this once Imperial, but now, I suppose, Proletarian, tipple has only to ring up Rosenberg György, Telefon 382-308, Bécsi-Utca 10. If there is no immediate answer from 382, have the call switched through to 308 and mention my name.

I am aware that it is not usual to advertise in this section of the paper, but in dark days when the world is divided into two frowning camps and ideologies are so hard to reconcile—you can finish this finely-phrased sentence for yourself. Rosenberg György knows his job. Openly he offers the Tokaj-wine to all whom it may concern. There is nothing hidden, nothing behind the counter here. Listen to what he says of his wares, and the reasons for buying them:

ist the King of al wines. That may be said boldly, everybody had drunken it, will agree with this opinion. The Tokajwine has pregnant peculiarities, discerning the Tokaj-wine rigorously from all other wines. It is important to know them precisely—being the Tokaj-wine all over the world falsified. But all adulterations are wines, entirely dissimilar to the Tokaj-wine. Whilst all wines in their specific weight are about 0.9, that is easier than water, the Tokaj-wine has a higher specific weight than water. It is higher than any hitherto known and examined wines, and is surpassing all other wines in his natural alkohol-contents, an by evaporating he gives the highest quality, of extract-materials.

In his ash-particles are remarkable procents of: phosphoric-acid combination, those being not contained in any other wine. To this phosphorous contents are due the marvellous animating and strengthening properties of the Tokaj-wine.

His colour is a clearly yellow-green. If the colour is not so, the wine is a falsified one. These properties therefore make impossible a delusive imitation of this wine.

Boldly indeed may that be said, and the sentences ring deliriously through my brain. Spring crosses the Channel and the winds will soon set fair, the casks be run up on the beaches and the State taverns be gay with the King of al wines, his ash-particles al unstrained.

The Tokaj-wine is distinguished by esprit and sweetness, mildness and aromatic flavour, through a wholesome and amazing power. A spoonful of this wine runs as a magic, vivifying fire through the veins and is promoting a quicker recovering of the weakened powers. It is enhancing the vital activity of the blood and is introducing a very lively change of material in the body. Even as medicine it is marvellous, in many cases of intermitting fever, that does not give way to the chinin, intermitted it permanently, taking Tokaj-wine. At sea it may be a mitigative means against seasickness.

Fill up your import licence, you householders, fill it up in quadruplicate, and when the swart gipsy comes to the door with the barrel on his shoulder, bid him sit down awhile as you take out the bung. "Prosit, Vyshinsky!" And may he suffer from no *mal de mer* on his homeward way. This is the grand liquor that is going to make England merrie at last.

By growing older—the Tokaj-wine gains more and more in splendid properties. It is not subjected to weakness of old age, at least not—as far our experiences are reaching back.

Its good fame is reaching far back in the centuries. In the year of 1380 the tenth-taxes of wine amounted at the county of Zemplen: to 10.000 goldcoins. Pope Plus the IV-th during the council of Trident, at 1562—called out

inspiredly-swinging his glass with Tokaj-wine from Tallya: "Summum Pontificem talia vina decent!" According that the Holy Father did prove not only as exquisite Judge of wines, but also as a witty person.

I shall not insult the intelligence of my readers by recalling to their memory what happened at the Council of Trident, or as we choose to call it, Trent. It lasted from 1545 to 1563 and the moment recorded in the foregoing paragraph must have been one of its brighter interludes.

And how is it made, this elixir vitae, this panacea, this inspiration of papal pentameters?

The "asszu" (the wine of the first press) is manufactured in the following way: The dried grapes are kneaded to one dough together and are put into an open cask, then it is poured under permanent stirring to a quantity of not fermented wine from other grapes, until all together will form a thin liquor. By means of the stirring the kernels are by and by separated from the pulp and they rise to the surface wherefrom they are getting out with sieves. Hereafter the mixture is covered with a reed-mat, it is let rest 24 to 36 hours, thereupon the fermentation enters into the bulk, which will loosen the mixed dough and the so dissolved material will be driven to the surface.

Thereupon all again is thoroughly mixed, the mixture is filled up in bags and on the press slowly squeezed.

Begone, influenza. Put away the chinin. Through some gap in the Iron Curtain let the animating liquid be poured with all his pregnant possibilities, unadulterated, medicinal, aromatic and yellow-green. Loosen the mixed dough of international disagreements, let the fermentation enter into the bulk of stupidity, tyranny and misunderstanding until the bubbles of the mixture are sieved through the reed-mat of the soul.

I know there are sceptics in the world. I laid the manifesto before a wine merchant of my acquaintance and asked him to read it carefully.

"Prune-juice," he said, pushing it aside.

"But consider the phosphoric-acid combination. And read the last sentence."

The last sentence runs:

Many people are believing still that a genuine Tokaj-wine does not exist at all, that is a mighty error, for it exists to-day more than ever before, but it is desirable, that it may be properly appreciated.

"Prune-juice," he said again.

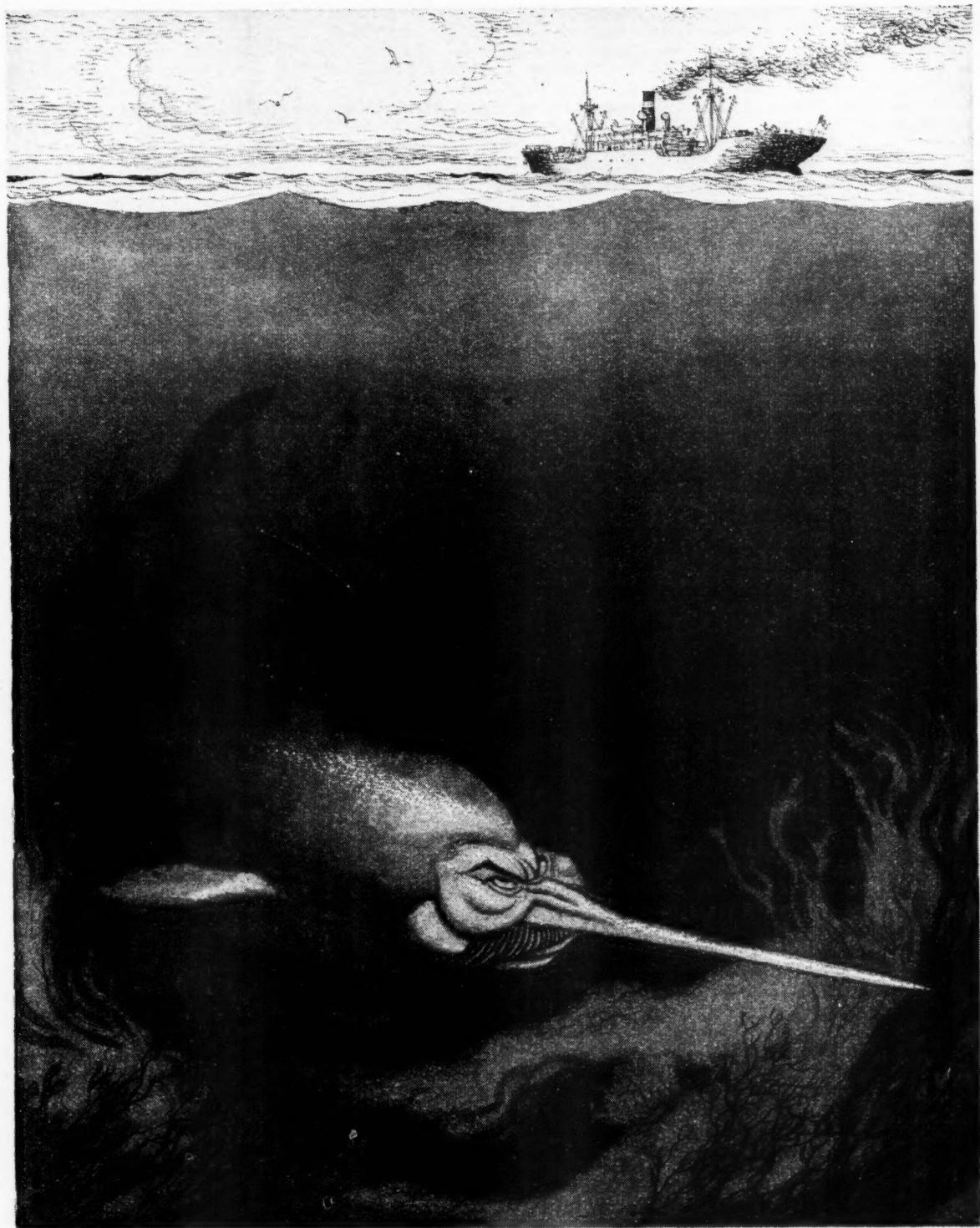
So is counsel darkened, so are great issues obscured. As for me, I am still at the telefon trying for 308 Buda Pest.

EVOE.

Song in Mar

O HOW extremely fortunate we are
That live and have our being now, in Mar!
For Ap shall follow, and with brightest May
Bring raucous June, that flames (or so they say).
This, in its due precession passing by,
Shall usher in the pleasures of July.
But Time, that through these months has kindly slept,
Sweeps us apace through friendly Aug and Sept,
Till one sad morning we are gravely shocked
To find ourselves, quite suddenly, in Oct,
Which leads us to a grey lugubrious mess,
Namely, injurious Nov and doleful Dec.
Life being now at its extremest ebb
We hardly notice gruesome Jan and Feb,
Till all at once, I do believe, we are—
Blessings upon it—back again in Mar!

Punch, March 16 1949



DAVY JOE

[Alarm has been expressed in the House of Commons at the rapid increase in the Russian submarine fleet.]



"But there's no question of premiums—you merely wager a friendly five hundred pounds that the present tenants are not prepared to quit."

A Page from My Exorcise Book

I SUPPOSE some might call him a handsome old gentleman. I don't. I call him a—— But steady, steady!

He came home on my station bus again to-day, and as I sat behind him on the other side of the gangway, staring at his back view all the way and noting with fresh revulsion that his ears sprouted from his head like little flattened arum lilies, I found my detestation unabated. Anyone but he would have felt my scrutiny. Not he! He is too fat. He sat lumpishly, his yellow-gloved hands folded on the handle of his stick, unaware that he was being hated. To-day my urge to tell him what I thought of him was so strong that I knew I must get him down on paper before I assault him; in this way I hope to purge my system of him, and when I next see him he will have lost his power over me. He will be empty and done with like the faintly reeking case of a last night's firework.

Sometimes I think it is the shape of

his head that vexes me most. It is a long head, from nose to occiput, so that the hat does not come down as far as a hat should, and its band is creased tautly with the fore-and-aft tension; it is a brown hat, and the effort of trying to do more than its maker intended causes its brim to curl at the sides with unsuitable stylishness—because the wearer obviously regards a hat as something to keep draughts off the head, not as a masculine adornment with infinite potentialities of rakishness. It is worn absolutely level, and I hate it; it has done me no harm, I know, as a mere hat, yet I have several times felt the impulse to pull it down sharply over his eyes.

The hair bulging from the back of the hat is grey and thick and springy—or appears so; even after to-day's further examination I cannot be sure whether it is all hair, or merely an illusion resulting from the idiotic shape of the head. Since I was first tempted to lean across the bus and thump it, to find out, I have made a rule always to

keep a seat between us. My motives might be difficult to explain to a magistrate.

As far as I know, he is ignorant of my existence. I do not know his name or his business, and I am not interested in either. I have never spoken to him—aloud; and the only four words he has ever addressed to me were delivered without any noticeable attempt to imprint my features on his memory. Why should his hat and his hair and his head inspire such malevolence? Why do I wish to see him trip on an uneven paving-stone and sit down indecorously in a deep puddle? Have I any reason to think him anything but a charming, tolerant, amiable, well-intentioned old gentleman, kind to animals and with a ready sixpence for street musicians? No reason. Can it be that some mental astigmatism, some perceptual flaw in me has clothed him in imaginary repugnances? That may be. I only know that his tight black overcoat infuriates me because it has a piece of velvet at

the collar-back and is plainly the over-coat of a bigot.

Each morning as my bus approaches Stiddings Deep I avert my eyes. The figures of ordinary, late, human creatures flee before the bus like windswept leaves, trying to race it to the stop—but I know the tightly-buttoned brown barrel will be standing there, immobile, fat, unlate. At one time I used to hope for foul weather, so that I should be spared the sight of him for a day—but storm and tempest have no terrors for him. He never misses his day in the City. Though I never look at it now, I know that his face is podged and square, with all its lines downward running; yet the expression is not one of active disgruntlement, rather of serene joylessness, as if life has long been accepted as an irritation and no improvement can be looked for now. The eyes, peeping over their pouches, have the dull gleam of newly-wetted pebbles.

But it is not only his appearance that repels me: his habits are highly repellent also. One of them is always to occupy the outside of an empty seat on the bus; no one can tell me that this is the behaviour of ordinary flesh and blood. And there is a ponderous confidence about his walk, as if certain shoe-shaped patches of the pavement, the station yard or the railway platform have been set aside for him. And a trick which sets my blood bubbling like egg-water is that of clutching his stick by the middle, instead of holding its handle; this might be less intolerable if he carried it parallel to the ground in a "trail arms" position, but, gripping it tightly as if he feared someone might wrest it from him, he carries it pointing down at an angle. Insufferable!

It is not enough that I have to have him on my bus every morning, and even on my train, but it seems inevitable that I see him again at

Liverpool Street. I suppose there are a thousand men on that train, and I do not consciously see the same one once a fortnight—except him, every day, as he thumps his way towards the buses, grasping his detestable stick like a park-keeper's prong, his revolting hat bobbing complacently.

Relaxed on a psycho-analyst's sofa I suppose I might remember something of our past relationships that would furnish a clue to my feelings. Might, did I say? On a sofa? I can remember this minute, sitting in my top back room. In fact I shall never forget what he said to me, nor the second compartment of the first third-class coach on the eight-fifty-one in which he said it, freezing the companionable smile I was giving him through the blue cloud of my first cigarette. "This is a non-smoker!" he said.

And even as I stepped into the corridor I had begun to abominate his hat.

J. B. B.

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From the Chinese

The Veil

I SOMETIMES wish that I could wear a veil
As the ladies can.
When I am feeling my years, decayed and pale,
And look like a Primitive Man,
When I have visited the wine-shop or the Parliament House
And sat long hours at committee or carouse,
It would be nice to know that those who pass
Are spared from seeing (and scorning)
The spectacle I saw myself in the glass
That morning.
Close-meshed the veil would be, in colour not too gay,
With large black spots on it, to frighten people away.
Entrenched behind my gauze of blue (or green?)
I would peer out upon the world, unseen,
All day recovering
Poise, and that sort of thing,
Till, with the Evening Star,
Up goes the veil again—and there we are!
This would be comforting indeed: and then
How rarely
One wants to see one's fellow-men
Quite squarely!
How nobler almost everyone would seem,
Seen through a mist, like someone in a dream!
How oft one feels, though perfectly well,
One does not wish to look upon the human race much
more,
Either because it does not seem to ring any noticeable bell,
Or because it is just a bore!
How oft at some gay rout or council deep
One longs to close the eyes and be asleep!
How oft it would be easier to bear
The tale that men have told you everywhere
If you had not to stare

Into the eyes of your oldest friend,
Grinning madly and trying to pretend
You don't know the end!
How oft you'd like to hide your gaze
For reasons which I cannot praise!
For you long to look at a lady fair,
But simply do not dare.
On such occasions—aye, and others—
Down comes the veil!
At public banquets, or with too fond mothers,
Down comes the veil!
For about the first hour of all Budget orations
(Which ought to be printed and passed about like other
Government publications)

Down comes the veil!
There you sit—not a soul can guess
If you are listening more and less.
There you sit—and nobody knows
If you are dying, or merely doze.
There you sit—and there can't be strife,
For none can swear you're admiring his wife.

Now I know
Why the young girls go
About with dark glasses over their eyes to-day.
It is not done

To avert the sun:
They want to be secret, hidden away.
But dark glasses are not much good
During a Budget speech or a long journey in the train:
You are by no means out of the wood
When someone is telling the same old story again,
Or, for example, if you are feeling your years, decayed and
pale.

I must say, I sometimes wish that I could wear a veil.

A. P. H.

At the Pictures

*Another Part of the Forest—All Over the Town—Edward, My Son—
The Blue Lagoon*

I THINK the most impressive thing about *Another Part of the Forest* (Director: MICHAEL GORDON), the film of LILLIAN HELLMAN's play, is the simplicity of its ingredients on exam-

O'BRIEN (smooth, scheming elder son) have some fine clashes.

In the same programme, in London, is the British *All Over the Town* (Director: DEREK TWIST). Such all-round merit in a double-feature programme is unusual; *All Over the Town* is no masterpiece, but it's enjoyable enough in its totally different way. This is R. F. DELDERFIELD's story of the young provincial reporter who becomes editor of the local paper and sets out to reform the town by telling the truth in it. Intelligently and inexpensively made, the picture is attrac-

his son, the conflict is simpler than that in *Another Part of the Forest*: it is between one commanding character and everybody else, not an even battle among several equally-matched adversaries, and so in proportion (for my taste) less continuously interesting.

— for the commanding character, though played by SPENCER TRACY, hasn't very much depth. But it is quite an entertaining film, well made apart from one or two oddly flat-footed transitions (the lapse of time is usually shown by a shot of a significant number of candles on *Edward's* birthday cake, but at one point we just get the dear old sub-title "Some Weeks Later") and with some very good acting by small-part people besides DEBORAH KERR as *Edward's* mother.

It's surprising that the Gilliat-Lauder partnership (usually concerned with tales considerably closer to real life) should have produced a Technicolor version of *The Blue Lagoon* (Director: FRANK LAUDER), that sentimental fable about the two children on a South Sea Island who grew up together and at last innocently had a baby. But one doesn't need to take the story seriously to find enjoyment in the picture; it's all a lot of nonsense, but it is entertaining and many of the scenes are a real pleasure to look at.

R. M.



UNREST IN THE SOUTH

Marcus Hubbard FREDRIC MARCH
Oscar Hubbard DAN DURYEA

ination. There are one or two splashes of external incident, but they seem unimportant, and apart from them the whole thing has been built up with a few perfectly simple situations in an unpleasant, avaricious family the members of which blackmail each other. I found it a stimulating pleasure to see; I left the cinema in that cheerful frame of mind usually induced only by a film that seems to me outstandingly good as a film. There is not much wrong with this as a film, but it remains essentially a play, with that tendency (often noticeable in filmed plays) to concentrate a good deal on wide curving staircases and lofty halls. It's the writing—dialogue amusing and full of "bite" without being a distracting succession of smart remarks, situations skilfully worked up to dramatic pitch—that is responsible for the story's hold on one's attention. The family concerned is the one dealt with in *The Little Foxes*, at an earlier period (1880); the spring of the action, as in that story, is avarice; the unsympathetic but (I insist) entertaining characters are admirably played, so that it's a treat to watch their incessant sparring without ever needing to feel pity for the losing side. FREDRIC MARCH (harsh father) and EDMOND

tive: the situations are often familiar (one thinks, for instance, of *It's Hard to be Good*), but they make a fresh impression, because of the always competent, sometimes first-rate playing (CYRIL CUSACK has some beautiful moments of innocent pomposity in a minor part, and there are other notable small-part players) and the imagination with which the details of life in the seaside town of Torquay are presented. One believes in this local newspaper office; one believes, too, in the musical comedy put on by the local amateurs, which is intimidatingly lifelike. NORMAN WOOLAND and SARAH CHURCHILL make a pleasant and credible pair as the reporter and his girl.

Another successful play transferred to the screen without much change is *Edward, My Son* (Director: GEORGE CUKOR). In this story of the big business man who will do anything, anything at all, for the sake of



[Edward, My Son]

HEIR NON-APPARENT

Lord Boult of Cheyne SPENCER TRACY
Edward, His Son A SPIRIT

A Complaint

THERE are too many lizards about this house;
The spiders are far too fat;
Chameleons crawl up the bedroom wall
And slow-worms sleep on the mat.

There's an octopus on the mantelpiece
With a sneer on its ugly face,
An armadillo beneath the pillow
And bats all over the place.

The mandrill hums in the morning-room,

The squid in the kitchen sink;
A pair of tapirs deliver the papers
And then drop in for a drink.

But the tapirs shall get no gin from me,
The blesbok shall have no beer,
I will give no wine to the porcupine—
It's got no business here;

I will drive the gnus from the bicycle-shed,
I will send the eland away;
They had no right to arrive by night—
They weren't here yesterday.

G. D. R. D.

Quick Glance at the Back Page

CAPT. TURF says Boat Drill for the 1.45 to-day; she was a useful hurdler last winter and after beating Gloomy Dane at Stigwick ought to put some stiffening in the Snorters' forward line—last week's defeat at home has made the directors wonder if £18,000 was too much for a left-back who plays in a macintosh. Now Frankie is back we hope to see a photo-finish at Blight City; out of two years' retirement Funny Customer won last night's first heat from the local dog Brenda's Secret (28.39 seconds) and Blue Funnel (2m. 23.21 seconds)—a real achievement with one eye closed and a badly cut ear, and a sharp lesson to J. Wimmy after knocking Ed. Looper down twice in every round but the last, when he knocked him down three times; the referee jumped well throughout, but was mistaken in trading hard left swings with Cod Liver Oil II, a spirited dog with B. Jugg up and dribbling finely. T. Quormy, deservedly back in the Wembley XV after playing havoc with the selectors, has lengthened and thickened, as did his dam Quaint Scooter; coming from a stable packed



"Pass the gentleman a bottle, mother."

with star material he should make a bagful of runs in South Africa this year. My first is at sea where the waves are quite blue, My second is what the sergeant-major does to you, My whole may win the 1.45 at Fogwell Park; yesterday's solution, Goody-Two-shoes, and it might be an idea to rename this animal to suggest that she has four legs. To-day's Flash! Isaac Cupfoot is wasted in goal, why don't they invite him to row Stroke at Cheltenham?

Dutch Balloon May Win First Race Over Fences. Capt. Turf says Waffle for the 2.15. Colonel Track says Melting-Pot for the 2.15. Scrutineer says Uncle's Crotchet for the 2.15. Kick filly four-ball bogey for the ice-hockey dog three-quarter line odds-on snooker heats for naps at a glance and left hooks perm. 35 cols. at 6d.= 17s. 6d. or perm. 2 from 4 with 2 from 3. To-day's codagram (2.15 at the Oval); Fdtxrjbfwsy. J. B. B.



"I've bought one every crisis since peace came."

Figures of Fun

IT must be rather nice to be
An artist and entirely free
To choose from such a rich array
Of witty subjects such as, say,
A tropical island mainly inhabited
By a partly dressed person with a baldish rather rabbit head
Who is being far more formal
Than would ever be normal
Under a palm tree
In the middle of the sea,
Or a sallow man in an eye-shade
Pegging away at home-made
Pound notes,
Or a taxi-driver surrounded and outnumbered by overcoats
But without any change, or perhaps
An umpire in ever so many caps
Or a dreadfully downright waiter
Or a plumber who may be coming back later
Or a soldierly person with a great white
Moustache like a seagull in flight
Who keeps decapitated creatures of every species
Pinned up over his mantelpieces
And for whom, with arms outstretched, the wish
Is frequently father to the fish.
Also there are short-whiskered barrow boys
And the smooth sellers of clockwork toys
Which have independent views,
And there are comic pavement artists and queues
And thin Indians sitting on nails
And the Public ogling over the rails
At road-menders with string round their knees;
And when you have done these
There is still a host
Of things left over, like the humorous headless ghost

And the office boy, the interring
Of whose grandmother keeps recurring,
And the person trying to go to sleep
With the help of barrage balloons containing sheep,
And the burglar who lightens the policeman's task
By permanently wearing a striped jersey and a mask;
And there are comical lending libraries and prefabs
And the shortage of cabs
And of nearly everything else, especially cigarettes,
And you can never go wrong with television sets
On which something unsuitable gets televised;
Oh, and that man lying down and being psycho-analysed,
And if you can't think of further topics
You can always go back to that island in the tropics
And make a fresh start,
Since subjects for humorous art
Are usable, like rhymes,
Ever so many times.

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H. J.'s Belles-Lettres

THIS Belle-Lettre discusses the lessons we can learn from History, a rather utilitarian subject perhaps; but every writer ought to give an occasional helping hand to the age he lives in, and I am determined to put 1949 well into my debt. Of course History has different values for different people. For a History master in a school it is pretty low and vocational, whereas for a Chemistry master it is cultural and on a higher plane altogether. Yet taking the human race as a whole we find that looking backwards has usually been the first step in going forwards.

The first lesson History teaches us is that the earlier your name comes in the alphabet the better you are likely to do in life, and this lesson should lead to a good deal of name-changing among go-getters. Take Conquering Heroes now. No wonder Alexander, Attila, Buonaparte, Caesar and Cromwell made the grade better than Hitler, Mussolini and Pompey. (Montgomery, Nelson and Wellington are obviously examples of the British flair for winning against heavy odds.) Then look at Prime Ministers. Starting from Gladstone, there were Disraeli, Salisbury—who was really a Cecil, Rosebery—who was not very good at it and did not last long, Balfour, Campbell-Bannerman—a double, Asquith, L. George, Bonar L., Baldwin, Chamberlain, Churchill and Attlee. MacDonald might be an exception proving the rule. Better still, it occurs to me, say he was not a very good Prime Minister, call him Ramsay and bracket him with Rosebery: then you get a brand-new theory that Prime Ministers beginning with an R should not be encouraged. To-day, seven-and-a-half out of the sixteen members of the Cabinet come from the first five letters of the alphabet, whereas by the Law of Averages it should be three. The half, by the way, represents Mr. Noel-Baker.

A lesson which frequently gets learnt from History is that if you are setting up a new Parliament it must meet in an oblong chamber, and at this point it is customary to sneer in a friendly way at the French, who frivolously seat their Representatives in a circle and tend towards political instability in consequence. England is supposed to owe much of her pride and power to getting Representative Institutions started in a chapel, so that the Tories could have the Cantors side and the Whigs the Decani side. At this point I throw a caveat into the works of this time-encrusted theory. What about the three-party system?

Is there any evidence that the House of Commons ever met in a triangular building? Publicists may try to wriggle out of the difficulty by saying that there are really two policies with three election funds; but I feel a doubt has been thrown on the lesson as a whole and cannot recommend the reader to learn it.

Henry II's trouble over Becket's murder shows the dangers of making conversation with the literal-minded, Henry VIII's embroilment with Anne of Cleves shows the dangers of relying on hearsay evidence, and Canute's getting his feet wet merely to make a point to his courtiers shows the dangers of teaching by the Direct Method. Cromwell's plan of sleeping in a different bed every night demonstrates a successful method of avoiding assassination, and Bonnie Prince Charles, who invaded England with a homesick army equipped only with porridge in the rough, proves how important it is to choose suitable assistants in a delicate undertaking. The sad fate of poor Sir Hyde Parker is a dreadful warning of what may happen to a man who communicates with his subordinates by flags: posterity has laughed mercilessly at him. Similarly, Ethelbert of Kent, President Garfield and Godfrey de Bouillon have no doubt many a lesson for those who carefully and ponderingly search their lives. A good exercise is to take some event like the Foundation of the Order of the Garter or the signing of the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi and ask oneself "What has it to teach me?" If you don't get an answer in a reasonable time, ring up the Institute of Historical Research.

At this point in my exposition I pause to deal with the difficult case of B. Smith, who claims to have learned fortitude from meditating on the First Punic War, but cannot explain how. Apparently, he was singing away to himself as he made some hydrogen, the first step in making some water which he required for shaving, the water in the tap being rather hard. He suddenly noticed that the tune he was using was "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and his mind went back to the wee cottage where he had been brought up between fourteen and fourteen and a half. On its piano was a large spider in coral. At this point I reminded him that spiders were Bruce, not Wallace; but he replied that Bruce might easily have told Wallace about it, and hurried on to mention that next to the spider was a pewter elephant labelled "A Present from Kensington." The transitions from elephants to Hannibal crossing the Alps and from there to the First Punic War were easy.

The curious thing was that when the hydrogen recalled him from his day-dream by exploding he found he met the situation quite unperturbed, while previously he had always borne himself ill in an explosion. Usually when we had one, the very first thing for me to do was to give him encouraging pats on the back and as much comradely chaff as I could think of offhand. This time, however, he was standing with his hands in his pockets, grinning happily and rocking on his heels. Indeed, when I automatically began to badinage him, badinage me back is what he did. I was rather befogged by how B. Smith got so much moral improvement out of the First Punic War until, after a good deal of analysing, I discovered he had got the Pass of Thermopylæ into the story somehow and this was what had done the trick.

The last lesson I intend to draw from the Past is that no nation is equally good at Politics and Economics, for example, Ancient Egypt or Mediaeval Lapland. I will not insult my readers by crossing the "t's" or dotting the "i's" of this lesson.

P.S.—As a rather serious note has been struck during this Belle-Lettre, I shall depart from my usual rule of not having a postscript and add one in the form of a witty anecdote *re* Gaiseric, King of the Vandals. One day

someone asked him what he considered his strong point was. "Not suffering fools gladly," he replied, ordering his questioner to be mulcted of twenty bags of gold, a saddle and his head.

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Hope Springs . . .

ABOUT this time of year I sit and think on
Mistakes I made (so far as I remember)
In those disastrous months begun at Lincoln,
And ended by the Manchester November.

About the time each New Year resolution
Begins to wilt and fade and feel a pain,
My own are made, for later execution
When old, lost names adorn the Turf again.

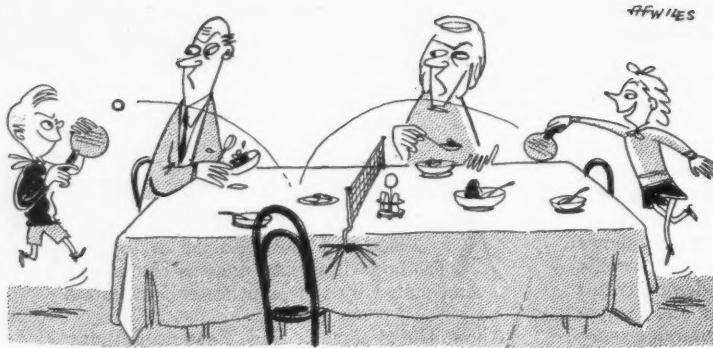
This is the time for inwardly digesting
What I have marked and learned—for planning
treasure,
Before the unsettling Spring begins molesting,
With garden worries, my retiréd leisure.

Before molesting Spring begins upsetting
My studious ease with brush and pail and mop,
When handicap books, gone astray, make betting
A venture much more liable to flop.

Thus these pre-equinoctial nights I think on
Mistakes I shall endeavour to avoid,
And start, upon the seventeenth, at Lincoln,
A season to be thoroughly enjoyed. J. B. N.



"She loves me—ouch! She loves me not—ouch . . .!"



"Children! You've hardly finished your pudding!"

Heirloom

MY grandfather's watch was a handsome appointment of good silver. In size it had the circumference of a small Eccles cake, and it was fitted with a long centre-second finger. It was said to have been made for timing pigeons. This is scarcely credible since it would necessitate the pigeon-tosser's being home before the pigeon if he was to time it by the same watch, but that was what my grandfather always said. The watch was wound with a key. My grandfather did not possess a single key, he used one of a set irradiating from a hub, rather like a ship's wheel.

At 7.30 A.M. on weekdays and 10 A.M. on the Sabbath my grandfather wound up his watch. I used only to see him on Sunday mornings. I would be on a chair with my feet not reaching the floor, sitting through a silence created by no one's daring to move in the house—a silence deeper than the grave as my grandfather shaved with his long razor. That being done he wound up the watch. It was an important business and he took up a stance on the hearthrug for it, with his legs apart, his back to the fire, and the tip of his tongue showing through his beard.

My grandfather then took me for a walk. Somehow it was always summer then and we would sit beneath a hedge with the scent of new-mown hay coming across, and the clang of the reaper, and my grandfather would take out the watch and permit me to observe the movement of the second finger. It was by this watch that he taught me to tell the time. Indeed, he occasionally detached the chain and permitted me to hold it; once, on my birthday, without cupping his hands

beneath. The lip for opening the back always fascinated me, it was not a faint crack as exhibited in the contemporary watch but a real lip with a back-curve measuring an eighth of an inch. The back was tight-fitting and my grandfather took the same knife to it that he used for opening oysters.

He was a man with many sons and there was speculation among them about which would inherit the watch. The choice fell on my father. My father was an effervescent man who prided himself on not being able to wear a watch owing to having too much electricity in his body; none the less he accepted the watch and decided to wear it. In about three months it stopped. My father took it to a repairer, not one in the main street but a man in a small way working in a back room in a distant quarter of the town. I remember my father gathering his children around him and explaining the reason for this. He said that the true watch-repairers, the real craftsmen, did not emblazon themselves, they rested on the quality of their skill and you had to seek them, not they you. He advised us to store the knowledge for our future guidance.

In just over the same period the watch stopped on my father again. However, he was a man of parts, one who declined to bow to the curse of his electricity, and he gave the watch to the repairer a second time. He took my brother and me with him. I recall his address to the repairer as he explained his voltage, and his suggestion that the watch be lubricated this time with non-conductive oil. The repair was effected, but the watch stopped again. Once more my father had it repaired. It can be said that no

one with too much electricity in his body strove to defy it more than my father. Time after time did the watch go back for repair, but always did it stop again after the same period. Yet my father never ceased trying.

Eventually, the watch descended to me. I put it away as I already possessed a good watch, but the older a man grows the more sentimental does he become. I began to think of my grandfather and myself beneath the hedge, his cheese-box hat on the grass (we were Dissenters and only the C. of E.s wore silk hats on the Sabbath in our district) alongside my own sailor hat with H.M.S. Acorn inscribed on the ribbon, as we sat with our heads bent over the watch. I was recommended to a good repairer and I took it to him.

Meanwhile, I sank deeper into sentimentality. The old chain was still attached to the watch; I would wear that also, in two loops with the drop consisting of a circular mauve stone dangling from the centre. It would be an emblem of the old days when life was not so hurried, when there was less noise and bustle and fret. Where the hedge had been there was a line of council houses now with arresting salmon fronts acting as a blurb for the rougher material of the sides and backs. But, out of sight, the council houses need not be there. Amid the latter-day constraint I had only to finger the watch-and-chain to be back on a Sabbath morning, with the church bells distantly pealing, the lovely, enveloping warmth, the hum of bees, the delicious sound as one lazily plucked a handful of grass

In time the watch repairer sent for me and advised me to put the watch among the heirlooms. He conjectured that it had been dropped at some time. The explanation was highly technical, but the gist of it was that he could make the watch go for a period but it would always stop again, and it was his duty as an honourable repairer to tell me so. It was less a pronouncement than a disclosure. Still, I am glad my father never knew the truth about his electricity, otherwise he would never have been the shining light he was in The Fox bar-parlour.

The watch is upstairs for my lifetime. I notice, though, that centre-second fingers are in fashion again. I recently bought my daughter a wrist-watch on the face of which a tiny scarlet finger revolves. But the old ponderosity is no more. Why, you could have made twenty watches the size of my daughter's from the metal in my grandfather's watch and still had enough for a plumb-bob.

Art for Forty

WHAT lucky little people you are this afternoon! Just look at these lovely big brushes! We're all going to paint a beautiful picture with them.

Before we give them out—don't hold your breath, children—I want you to listen carefully.

Don't touch the paint-pots on your desks, anyone. We don't want any spilt on the floor, do we?

Hands away. Hands AWAY, Michael. Hands AWAY, John.

There now!

Go and fetch the bucket and flannel, Peter, and mop it up.

All show fingers. Some could be cleaner than that, I'm sure. Hands on heads. Now hands behind backs.

If I see ANYONE ELSE touch a paint-pot I shall put them all back in the cupboard!

That's better. Now listen carefully.

I want you to think of something that you would like to paint. I'm not going to think for you this afternoon, it's to be your very own idea.

Who can think of something?

No one can think of anything?

Oh, come now, I'm sure there are lots of things you'd like to paint! Think again.

Now who has thought of a really lovely picture?

But surely—Forty girls and boys and NOT ONE can think what to do?

Well, perhaps I will help you. You could paint a picture of the play-room, with some of you sliding down the chute. Or you could paint the Wendy house with someone looking out of the window.

Now who can think of something for themselves? That's good.

Let me see if there's a really sensible, steady child who can give out brushes without knocking the paint-pots flying. No, Michael, I don't think I can trust you after what happened in Number this morning. Patricia, you may give them out.

You may begin as soon as you get your brush. Don't dip it in too deeply, and don't stir it up, Michael, or it will TIP OVER!

There now! Fetch the bucket and flannel again, Peter. We'd better keep it in here this afternoon.

See who that is at the door. Not ALL of you!

Reggie, where on earth have you been? What, all this time? Well, come and get on with your picture quickly or you won't have any work done this afternoon.

I can see such a lovely chute with

children sliding down it! Oh, you've done that too, have you, John? And Mary, and Josephine, and Peggy, and you—! Yes, very nice, but I would have liked something you'd thought of yourself better.

Who hasn't painted a chute?

What have you done, Anna, a Wendy house? Who else has done a Wendy house? What a lot of you!

Who hasn't painted a Wendy house? No, not all you chute people—hands down again.

Now listen. Hands up those who have painted either a chute or a Wendy house. Hands down.

Who has painted something quite different?

Only Michael? Bring it out to show me, dear.

What does it say here? TECHAR.

Well, Michael, I really think it's the nicest picture of them all, and quite like me. May I take it home?

All show pictures. Very nice, dear, and yours, yours too, dear, lovely, very nice, dear. All very good pictures.

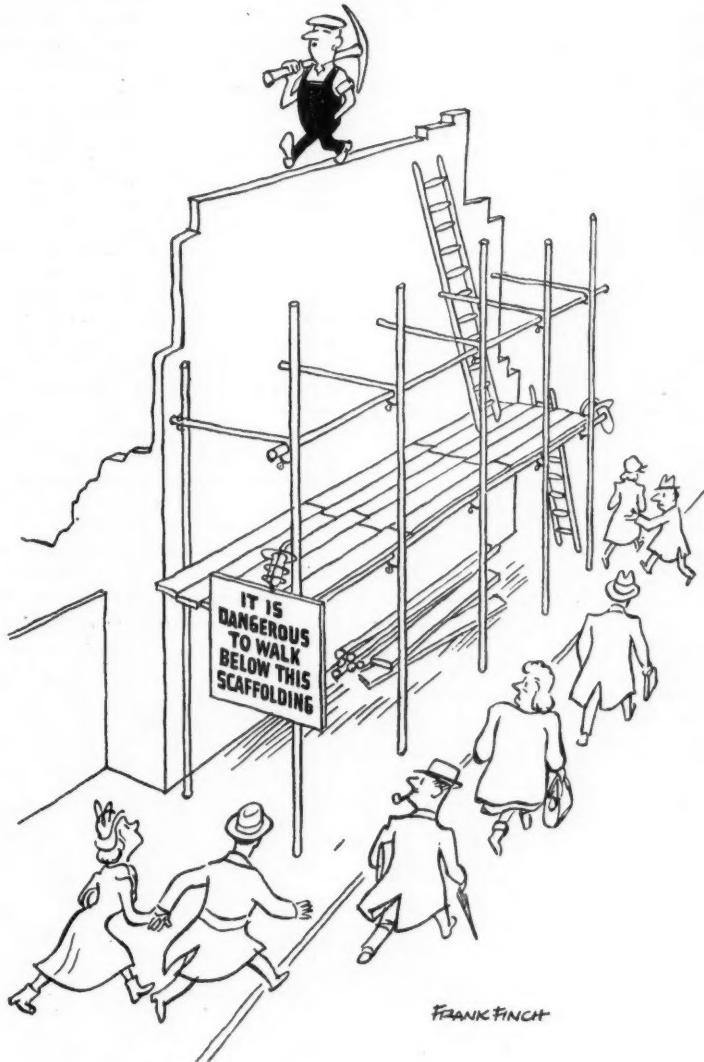
Shall we have painting another afternoon? Next time I am not going to help you at all, so you must think of something for yourself. Your very own idea—won't that be lovely?

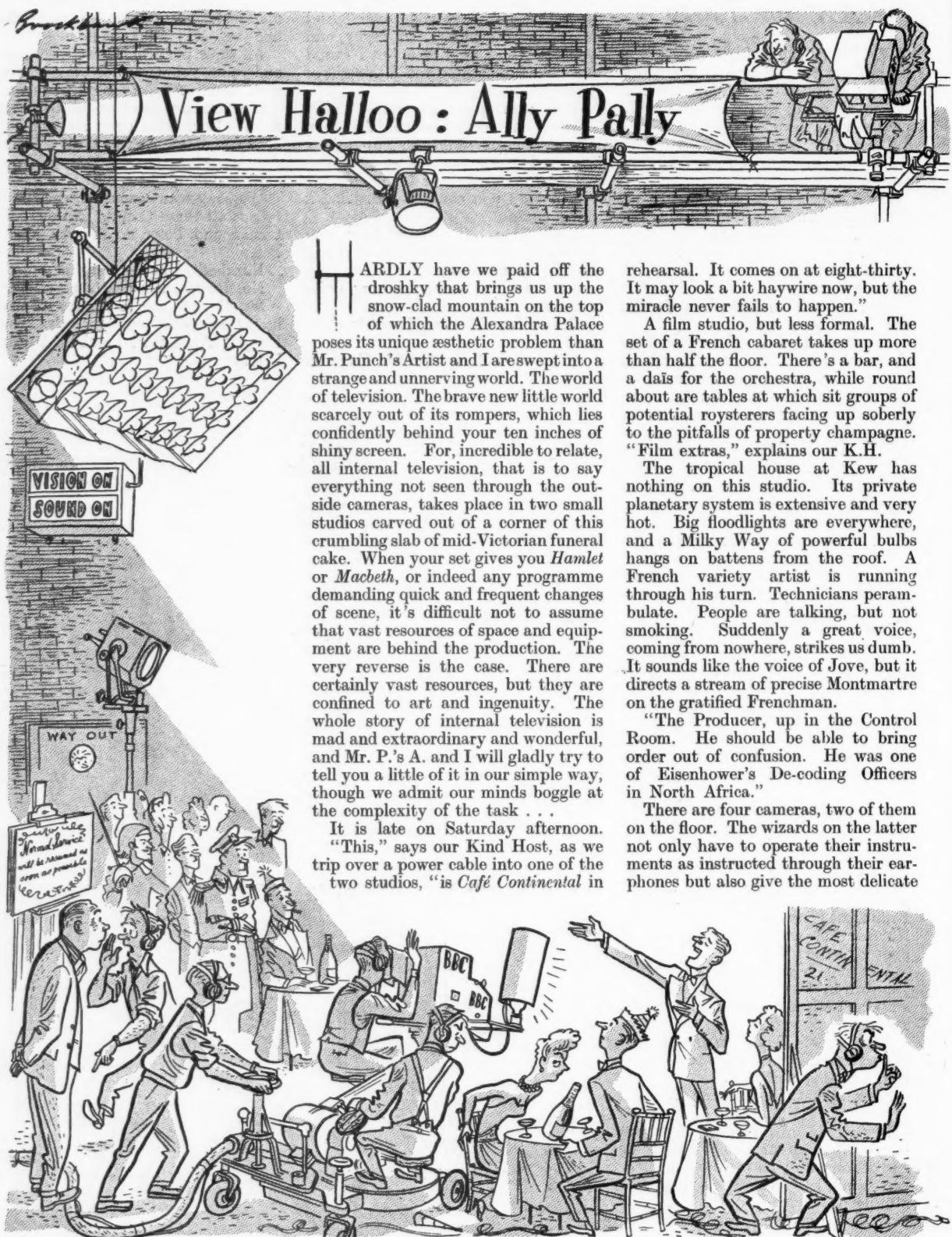
We shall want some nice people to collect all these things. No one who turns round, Peter, no one who fidgets, Pat.

Elizabeth, Mary, Anna and John.

No, Reggie, it's nearly playtime.

Sit still, the rest of you, or we shall have those paint-pots over! SIT STILL, Reggie! There now! Fetch the bucket, Peter!





HARDLY have we paid off the droshky that brings us up the snow-clad mountain on the top of which the Alexandra Palace poses its unique aesthetic problem than Mr. Punch's Artist and I are swept into a strange and unnerving world. The world of television. The brave new little world scarcely out of its rompers, which lies confidently behind your ten inches of shiny screen. For, incredible to relate, all internal television, that is to say everything not seen through the outside cameras, takes place in two small studios carved out of a corner of this crumbling slab of mid-Victorian funeral cake. When your set gives you *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*, or indeed any programme demanding quick and frequent changes of scene, it's difficult not to assume that vast resources of space and equipment are behind the production. The very reverse is the case. There are certainly vast resources, but they are confined to art and ingenuity. The whole story of internal television is mad and extraordinary and wonderful, and Mr. P.'s A. and I will gladly try to tell you a little of it in our simple way, though we admit our minds boggle at the complexity of the task . . .

It is late on Saturday afternoon. "This," says our Kind Host, as we trip over a power cable into one of the two studios, "is *Café Continental* in

rehearsal. It comes on at eight-thirty. It may look a bit haywire now, but the miracle never fails to happen."

A film studio, but less formal. The set of a French cabaret takes up more than half the floor. There's a bar, and a dais for the orchestra, while round about are tables at which sit groups of potential roysterers facing up soberly to the pitfalls of property champagne. "Film extras," explains our K.H.

The tropical house at Kew has nothing on this studio. Its private planetary system is extensive and very hot. Big floodlights are everywhere, and a Milky Way of powerful bulbs hangs on battens from the roof. A French variety artist is running through his turn. Technicians perambulate. People are talking, but not smoking. Suddenly a great voice, coming from nowhere, strikes us dumb. It sounds like the voice of Jove, but it directs a stream of precise Montmartre on the gratified Frenchman.

"The Producer, up in the Control Room. He should be able to bring order out of confusion. He was one of Eisenhower's De-coding Officers in North Africa."

There are four cameras, two of them on the floor. The wizards on the latter not only have to operate their instruments as instructed through their earphones but also give the most delicate

traffic signals with one hand to the men pushing their trucks.

The mike-man is equally interesting to watch. He's in charge of a Heath Robinson machine resembling a prehistoric bird, with a telescopic neck carrying the mike. This can be moved in any direction, and the mike-man's job is to keep it reasonably near the person talking. Just consider the concentration needed to do that for an hour . . .

Walking across the dim no-man's-land behind the lights and cameras is like taking a stroll in the Snake House at the Zoo, for the floor is thick with cables, and those attached to the cameras have a disconcerting way of coiling quietly round your ankle. As we watch more variety turns being warmed up and gradually linked together into a programme, we notice that whenever a hitch occurs a man wearing headphones and a golf-jacket goes casually forward to the scene of the tragedy and, with a few words no more emphatic than if he were asking the caddy for his No. 3, magically unravels the knot. In unusual measure he has the gift of making people laugh and of keeping them happy.

"Key-pin," murmurs K.H. "The Studio Manager. He fixes things on the floor for the Producer. Let's go up to the Control Room and see what all this looks like from above . . ."

Imagine the cabin of a small, rather dingy air-liner, with windows along one side only, looking down into the studio. There are three rows of seats, and the Producer sits in the middle. He has a mike and a little personal switchboard that puts him through to particular headphones, such as the Studio Manager's, or else amplifies him into Jove for the whole studio to hear. Besides keeping an eye on the rehearsal itself he's watching it in two television screens.

"You see, all four cameras work all the time from their different angles," whispers K.H. "The screen on the right shows what's going out to the public—if this weren't rehearsal—

while the one on the left shows the Producer what any of the other three cameras are holding for him. Having taken samples, so to speak, he decides which of them shall next go into action on the right-hand screen. The mechanics of all this are controlled by the girl sitting behind him, who has to do some prettyniftyknob-twiddling. She's the Vision-Mixer. At the desk in front of him at that bank of dials sits the Sound-Mixer. And the girl at the twingramophone looks after all the noises off."

Think of that in terms of engineering, apart from human skill.

The atmosphere in this crow's-nest is taut but very friendly, not at all unlike that of an R.A.F. Ops. Room during the war. The Producer might easily be bringing in a Lancaster through fog instead of marshalling a group of talented foreigners in a three-ply night-club high above Wood Green . . .

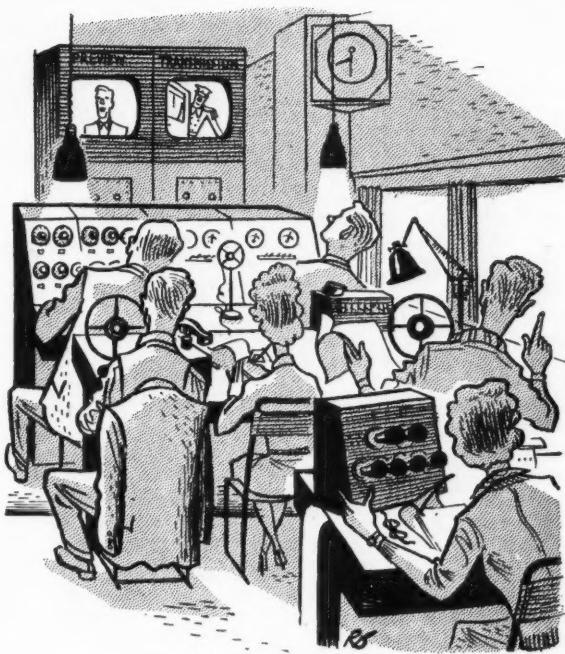
On our way downstairs we stop in a ghostly room where thousands of trapped volts snarl at us from metal cages reaching to the ceiling, and green tongues lick horribly in metal mouths.

"The Racks Room," K.H. explains apologetically. "That engineer at the control panel touches up the picture as it goes out just as a photographer might."

"This is surely the anteroom to Hell," I say, shivering.

"I doubt if Hell's wired for so much juice," objects Mr. P.'s A., looking uneasily over his shoulder. . . .

When rehearsal breaks we go down to a very matey canteen, meet the boys, and learn a lot. Television has them in thrall, all right. What fascinates them about it, apart from seeing to the growing-pains of such a vital medium of entertainment, seems to be that it offers most of the difficulties of film production plus the extra difficulty of not being able to stop the camera. And they tell us how both studios are used in big productions and how a conductor can be in one, a



ballet in the other; the conductor watching the ballet in a television screen, the ballet hearing his orchestra through loudspeakers. . . .

When we get back to the studio the programme has already begun to go out to the privileged Home Counties. (Privileged, however, only until the autumn, when Birmingham begins transmitting to a new and densely populated area.) It's going like clock-work and none of the roughness of three hours ago remains. Tension has mounted, but the artists—singers, dancers, acrobats and tricksters—seem perfectly at home, and the immaculate yellow-faced diners sit entranced in paper hats. But it is the faces of the technical fraternity, full of subdued excitement, that Mr. P.'s A. and I find ourselves studying in the dramatic half-light in the wake of the cameras. The Studio Manager smiles watchfully, fielding slip for a hitch that doesn't come. The Call Boy, an ardent Francophile, rounds up his victims in enviable French. And all this time, up above us, invisible at his dark window, is one man successfully holding the myriad reins of this queer business in his hands. . . .

As we put on our goloshes and shake the ohms out of our hair we remark that keeping television at the Alexandra Palace is like trying to grow a melon in a matchbox. Pretty soon it must burst out, as already it deserves to do. When that happens, will some of the fun have gone for its valiant pioneers?

ERIC.





"Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me the greatest pleasure to see amongst us all once again this old and valued friend . . ."

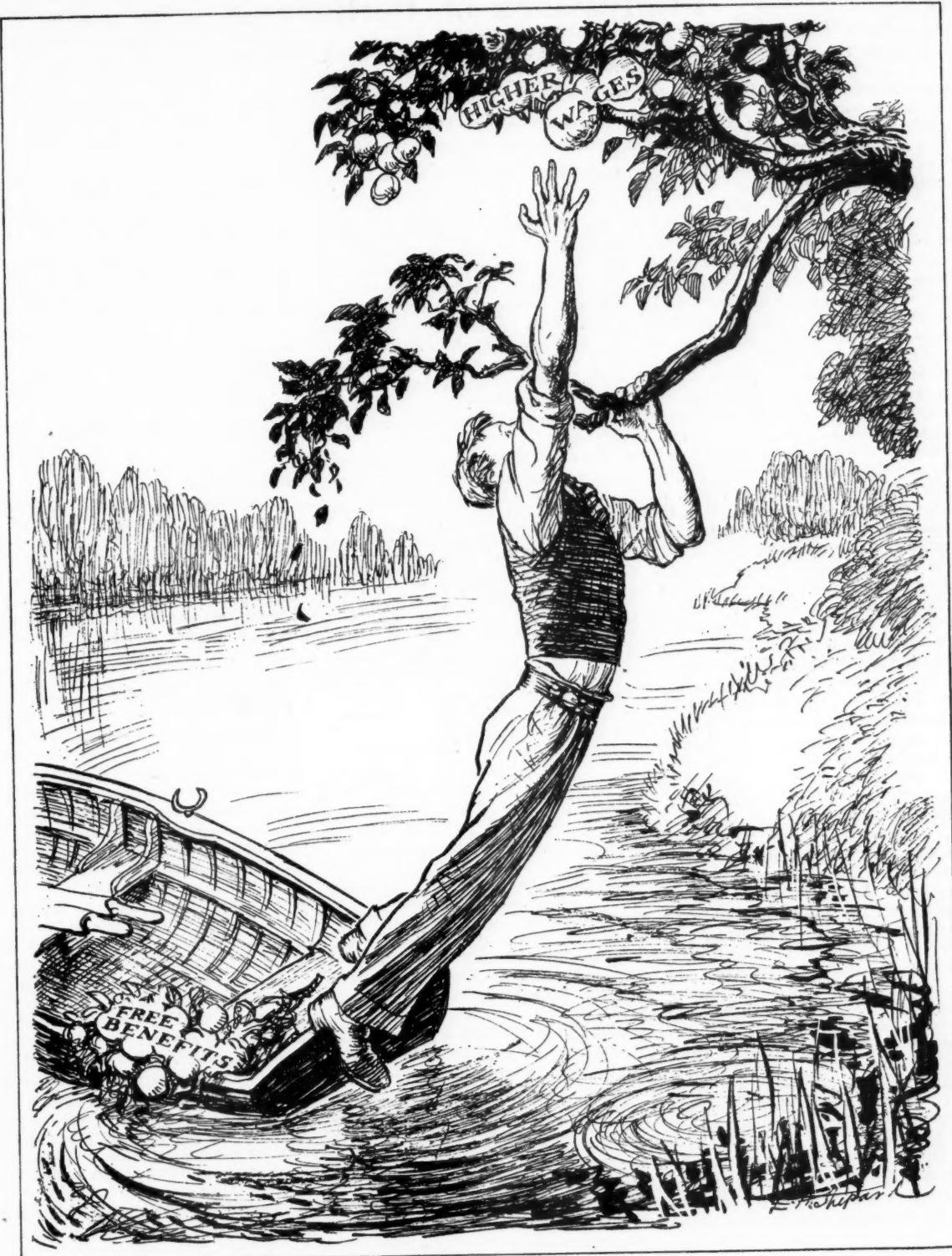
The Policeman

A THIKKE knarre ther was with us al-so
That unto watchyng hadde longe y-go;
A conestable was he, troth to telle,
That woned at Kenyngton by Stokkewelle.
His helmet was y-moulded lyk a coppe
Up-on his heed, y-pointed atte toppe,
And shadwed al his nekke and his ye.
Of theevyng coude he, and of burglarye,
Ther nas no wrong that nas to him unknowe.
He hadde ben at Vyne stret, and Bowe,
And alwey sworen lude up-on the boke;
A wheler¹ coude he quellen with a loke,
If that at darke he rad withouten lighte.
He had a bulles eye that he flashed by nighte,
And henged at his lethern girdle dounie.
Solempnly he strood about the toune;

¹ Cyclist

His fet were large, his botes weren wide.
Ay "Stop" and "Stand" and "What is this?" he cryde
Whenas he caught a thef up-on his cribbe.
Ther nas no man or woman might him snybbe
If at the crosse weye he reyded his honde,
And let² hem in hir sped, and bad hem stonde;
For he was al the kinges law, pardee.
An officere, and that a gret, was he;
As any lyoun coude he rage and rore,
And in arresting nas him nan bifore,
And eek a verray fo he was of theeve.
His habergeoun was blew, and eek his greeves
That fille up-on his botes sheme and brighte
As is the mone up-on a frosty nighte.
This copere forty yeres was of age:
I rood biside him on ure pilgrimage.

² Stopped, hindered



GRASP ALL, LOSE ALL

MONDAY, March 7th.—

It has been said before (often) that it is impossible to forecast the course of events in the House of Commons when the Whips are off or the business is non-Party. But it can be taken as certain that whenever some humanitarian question is under discussion there will be plenty of Members of all Parties to leap to the aid of those who cannot look after themselves. That is what makes the House of Commons, the institution, so great a place, so truly a reflection of the characteristics and the passing moods, praiseworthy and otherwise, of the nation as a whole.

This afternoon, for no reason at all that was apparent, the horse suddenly became the subject of many questions. Not the sleek horse of the hunting-field, the race-course or the Metropolitan Police, but those poor, forlorn animals which, after a long life of toil in this country, are sometimes sent to Belgium and other Continental countries—and to an unknown fate.

Sir THOMAS MOORE, whose eloquent tongue and persistent work are always at the disposal of animals in distress, pressed for more stringent regulations to protect these horses. Mr. TOM WILLIAMS, the Minister of Agriculture, seemed to take a rather official, off-hand line, saying that horses could be exported only on a certificate that they were intended to work, and not for the slaughter-house. But he added that once they were out of the country he had no further responsibility for them.

This brought scores of Members to their feet in angry protest. Mr. OLIVER STANLEY (whose devotion to the horse, as a member of the House of Derby, is traditional) demanded a real inquiry into allegations that the horses were being sent abroad in cruel, overcrowded conditions. Mr. VICTOR COLLINS, Mr. RUPERT DE LA BÈRE and Mr. RENTON made the same demand from different parts of the House, and they all pressed so hard that Mr. WILLIAMS had, in the end, to promise that he would look into the matter again and make another statement later. He was clearly shaken by the fierce note in the triumphant cheers that this retreat brought from all over the House.

Soon afterwards the good temper of the House was restored by Sir THOMAS MOORE, who, told by Mr. WILLIAMS that "Pest Officers and Assistant Pest Officers" were using motor-cars, inquired with bland innocence: "Please —what is an assistant pest?"

Impressions of Parliament

Monday, March 7th.—House of Commons: A Word for the Horse.

Tuesday, March 8th.—House of Commons: Naval Review.

Wednesday, March 9th.—House of Lords: Psst!

House of Commons: A Governor is Discussed.

Thursday, March 10th.—House of Commons: Reynard Gets Away.

Mr. VAL MCENTER, Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, was asked to follow the advice given in a Ministry of Food pamphlet, and he promised that, if Members wanted it, he would provide a dish called "Mum's Special," which was apparently made without meat. They could also have meatless days (including what the Ministry called "hot, filling dishes") if they liked. The approving cheers were not overwhelming.

The chief debate was on the Government's plans to control the rents of

denies, claiming that, as the Labour Party's ranks have a near-monopoly of the kind of brain-power needed for these "jobs," the "boys" to fill them must of necessity come from those ranks.

Mr. MICHAEL ASTOR was the chief accuser to-night. He made the direct charge that the Government was exercising too much "patronage," and stressed that it was the "too-muchness" that annoyed him, since all Governments used patronage from time to time. He mentioned names, and that started the row. Mr. ASTOR was accused of conducting a "smear campaign"—and a "scurrilous and scandalous" campaign at that. Mr. DONALD BRUCE, who employed these descriptions, went on to prove that honourable Members opposite had no monopoly of the technique by attacking Mr. ANTHONY EDEN and his directorships.

Mr. GLENVIL HALL, for the Treasury, brought the discussion back to a dignified level and denied that there was any question of "jobs for the boys." And most of the House felt he was right when he said it would have been fairer if those whose names had been mentioned had been warned in advance.

TUESDAY, March 8th.—A Strange Interlude marked the proceedings in the Commons to-day. The subject of debate was the Navy Estimates, and urbane Mr. JOHN DUGDALE, the Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, was in charge. He had been explaining the Estimates for some time, when Mr. BRENDAN BRACKEN, a former First Lord of the Admiralty, said something (almost) under his breath.

To everybody's surprise, Mr. DUGDALE broke off his speech and made a comment to the effect that while Mr. BRACKEN might look like a chimpanzee he need not chatter like one. Naturally, this remark was not popular with the Opposition and there was a certain liveliness for a time. It is but fair to record that Mr. DUGDALE looked as surprised as anybody at the comment he had made. Many hours later, when he came to wind up the debate, Mr. BRACKEN produced a surprise of his own by not hitting back, and keeping his verbal thunderbolts in his haversack.

The incident was one of the few in a singularly calm evening. Mr. DUGDALE has a lucid style and he pleased the older Parliamentary hands by speaking from notes—instead of adopting modern practice and reading the whole



A. V. A.

Impressions of Parliamentarians

76. Mr. A. V. Alexander (Minister of Defence)
Sheffield, Hillsborough

houses let for the first time since the war. The lawyers had a whale of a time, and laymen (who also pay rent) scarcely got a look in.

But late at night, as if to prove that it can have its bad-tempered periods, the House had a row about "Jobs-for-the-boys." It had to come; it is easily the most persistent taunt in the present House of Commons—hurled (as a sort of counter-balance to the equally persistent "Tory misrule") from the Opposition side at the Government. It implies that the Government is giving official posts (at anything but plebeian salaries) to its supporters, and particularly to recent converts to Socialism.

This charge the Government firmly



"But there's actually a Roman Top of the Bill this week!"

thing word for word from a script. He said the money was being spent on bringing the Royal Navy to an even higher state of readiness for anything. And he drew a picture of the sea-battles of the future taking place umpteen leagues under the sea—an eventuality for which "highly secret" preparations were taking place.

Mr. JIM THOMAS, who held Mr. DUGDALE's office throughout the most exacting period of the war, asked again and again whether the Government was really getting value for money in naval matters. In his view the sea-power of the future would centre in the aircraft-carrier. He ended with an eloquent tribute to the morale, fighting efficiency and keenness of the officers and men, R.N.

Mr. BRACKEN complained that there was too much secrecy over the Silent Service, to the detriment of recruiting and general efficiency.

But (as everybody expected) the money was granted.

WEDNESDAY, March 9th.—Mr. CREECH JONES, the Colonial Secretary, announced that, contrary to report, Lord BALDWIN OF BEWDLEY was returning to his post as Governor of the Leeward Islands. Asked by Mr. OLIVER STANLEY why he had "made

such a mystery" of the matter if Lord BALDWIN had merely been recalled for consultation, the Minister denied that he had contributed anything to the general cloak-and-dagger effect. He also announced that Lord BALDWIN had "expressed his unqualified regret" at the nature of statements attributed to him in some newspapers—statements which, however, he denied having made.

In the Lords they were listening to a hair-raising account by Lord VANSITTART (to whom another noble Lord always refers as "The Man in Black," in tribute to his gift for the dramatic) of the activities of foreign spies, working in and through certain embassies in London. His story certainly lacked nothing in the way of drama—almost of melodrama. There were Diplomatic Bags with false bottoms, in which to smuggle jewels to finance subversive activities. There were men (really secret police) who moved urbanely in the Very Highest Circles, ears wide open. Lord V. did not actually mention the Ravishing Blondes, but they clearly had their part in the scheme of things.

But when Lord HENDERSON, Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, spoke, he gave an assurance that everything was under control, and that those who

ought to know about the affairs reported *did* know. He added the shrewd observation that many people too readily assumed that the Western countries had lost the "cold war" with the Iron Curtain countries. Surely they had not, he said, for the result of the Soviet Government's activities had been the Western Union defensive pact, the Marshall Plan, the final abandonment of the Isolationism of the United States.

Peers in all parts of the House said "Hear, hear!" with that air of slight wonder which betokens sudden enlightenment. And Lord VANSITTART crammed his Secret Documents back into his brief-case, for use another time, and went home.

The Commons were talking about a wide variety of things, from Newfoundland to pensions.

THURSDAY, March 10th.—Mr. MORRISON promised a committee to inquire into the facts about alleged cruelty to wild animals. Mr. FAIRHURST promptly announced that he wanted to withdraw a Bill against fox-hunting he had proposed to bring forward to-morrow.

Major MILNER, in the Chair, obligingly said "Why wait? Do it now!" And it was withdrawn.



"I'm so terribly sorry we had to ask you to come at such ridiculously short notice."

All About Incentives

WELL, Hesketh," said the chairman of the appointments board, "I think I've told you pretty well everything about the new job. Now it's up to you. Would you like to join our big happy family?"

"I don't know, sir. You see . . ."

"Isn't the money good enough?"

"Oh, yes, sir, the money, hours and so on are O.K., but . . ."

"Speak up, Mr. Hesketh, we're not going to bite you."

"Well, sir, it's the incentives."

"Incentives?"

"You know, sir—the things the economists are always on about."

"Well, what about them?"

"You didn't mention any, did you, sir?"

"I didn't mention disincentives either. But what are you driving at?"

"I'm not too clear myself, sir, but I couldn't possibly work for you without an incentive, honest. Not now, sir. Not after all the reading I've done on the subject. Looking back, sir, I don't know how I've managed to get along all these years without one. I felt the same about vitamins when they came in. I suppose I used to work purely from habit. Other people seemed to do it, so I thought it would be all right if I did, never thinking, of course. There was nobody I could turn to for advice, no one to put me wise. So I just went on working blindly. Then, luckily for me, I happened to read a whole lot of correspondence in the paper—*The Times*, I think it was

—all about the need for incentives and I realized what a fool I'd been. I hope I'm not boring you, sir."

"A little, but go on."

"Well, shortly after I'd read this stuff I noticed that my work was definitely below par. I was turning out jig-plate cores that only fitted where they touched, if that. I was feeling a bit seedy at the time and one day the foreman comes up to me and says, Hesketh, he says, you're looking a bit run down. What you need is a tonic. No, I says, what I need, Mr. Berry—Sam Berry was his name, see —what I need is an incentive. Then I began to notice other things. I caught myself indulging in absenteeism for no apparent reason. Sometimes I'd find myself at home of a morning and I'd look all through the papers trying to find out why. But, no, there'd be no football match on, no racing, nothing, and I'd sit there trying to puzzle it out. Of course it all boiled down to having no incentive. Once I'd realized that I asked for my cards and quit. And that's about it, sir."

"And this job doesn't seem to offer this incentive you're after?"

"That's it, sir. Couldn't you meet me halfway and throw one in?"

"I could offer you slightly more money."

"I couldn't take it, sir, knowing what I do. You see, I should only give it to my missus and make things more difficult for her. She'd lose the incentive of having to manage on what I give her. She'd get dispirited like me. No, sir, I couldn't do that."

"What you really want, I suggest, is to feel a pride in common ownership. You ought to work in a nationalized industry. Then you'd feel that the factory you worked in was as much yours as anybody else's."

"But I don't want to be just a cog in a wheel, sir."

"So you don't think it would help if I got the factory nationalized specially for you."

"Oh, please don't go to all that trouble, sir. I'm not worth it."

"We might make you an active director of the firm—at your present wage of course. Would that help, d'you think?"

"Ah, that's an idea, sir. What would the duties be, sir?"

"The usual things, you know."

"Would there be a chance to demonstrate enterprise and initiative?"

"I'll say. You'd be expected to think up suitable incentives for difficult workers. And you'd have to . . . No, not that door, Mr. Hesketh—that one leads absolutely nowhere." Hod.

Introduction

"SYMPSON rang up this afternoon," said Edith, meeting me at the door on my return from a visit to London, "and he wants you to take his place as chairman of the U.N.A. meeting in the Town Hall because he has a touch of laryngitis. You'll have to hurry, because the meeting starts at seven-thirty and it is seven-twenty-five already."

"Who is the principal speaker?" I asked. "If I am to be chairman I shall have to introduce him and lush him up a bit, and I can't do that unless I know who he is."

"I expect Sympson told me," she said, wrinkling her brow, "but when he rang up I was in the middle of listening to a most interesting talk on the wireless, and all I wanted to do was to get him off the line as soon as possible. But you'll find out who he is when you get to the meeting, and you'll have plenty of time to make up your speech because meetings scheduled for seven-thirty never start until seven-forty-five at the earliest."

Always a slave to duty, I hurried round to the Town Hall. It was packed to the doors, and in the vestibule a

young fellow whom I guessed from his distraught air to be the secretary grabbed me by the arm.

"Mr. Conkleshill, I think?" he said. "We were so afraid you weren't going to turn up. The meeting was billed for seven sharp and the audience has been getting a bit restive."

Thinking hard thoughts of Edith, I followed him into the hall and he led me to a vacant chair on the platform and sat down next to me.

"You're on straight away," he said.

Not until I had risen to my feet amid deafening applause did I remember that I had forgotten to ask him the name of the speaker. Obviously it was the old boy sitting next to me, but I did not know him from Adam. He had a hooked sort of nose and a lot of grey hair, but so many public speakers have hooked noses and a lot of grey hair that this was no help.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said, "The eminent man who is going to address you to-night needs no introduction from me. There can be few of us here who are not aware of his services in the great cause which we all have at heart."

I smiled complacently round on the assembled multitude, and waited for the applause, but nothing happened.

I thought it a bit odd, but I tried again.

"We may all consider ourselves very fortunate," I continued, "in having with us to-night a man who not only knows his subject thoroughly, but who is one of the wittiest and most eloquent speakers of our time. Those of us who have heard him speak before—and who has not?—are looking forward to an intellectual treat of no mean order. Personally, I do not propose to waste any more of your time."

I sat down and jerked my hand towards the hook-nosed man, indicating that it was the moment for him to do his stuff. He looked at me in a puzzled sort of way and sat tight. The secretary gripped my arm and whispered in my ear.

"He isn't the principal speaker," he said, "he's the chairman. He made his opening remarks before you came in."

He handed me an agenda, which confirmed a suspicion that had been growing in my mind for some time. The principal speaker was L. Conkleshill, Esq., on "How to Deal With Russia." I fear that I dealt with Russia rather inadequately, but I rose to heights of real eloquence when I got home after the meeting and dealt with Sympson and Edith. D. H. B.



London Lines

TRAMS with lines is best for talking, ma'am. There, I done me step. Now I just got to get at me handles. You don't want all the world to go heave dropping, and that rumbling do help to soften your vocals. Mind you, not but I says there's nothing wrong with aviating to them Americas, ma'am. It's only proper you wanting to follow the Brigadier whenever he flies off. But it's not like trams, that's all. If they ain't got nothing underneath they always got a line up top so's they can't get away. And averiating ain't. Not but I'm not one for air. I always goes down to the cymatory of a Sunday for me blow. Expends the lungs, they say. Though with me it's me bronichals. If I can't keep them greased of a morning with me bit of fried bread, they're done for. Mind you, some runs smoother than others on account of they has to jump the points at Lambeth. Not as you wants to get yourself all shook up, not if you're in good health. But some likes to rattle their insides, like the gentleman what I done for has to go out on a horse for the liver. Nice bit of rag you put me out for me handles. Can't rightly make out what it were but it bring them up a treat. Here, ma'am, if you don't feels like you wants to aeriate with the Brigadier

why don't you get yourself a bit of a change on the trams? There's a lovely one go sighing down the New Kent Road. All round in front same as aeroplanes, only you got a lot more to your undycarriage, see. If aeroplanes had them chains and bits of fence and all them wheels, well, they'd be different. If it's yell's you're after what about the Thirty-five from the Elephant? There's a tram. You got your air, too, if you sits on one of them relapsable seats what goes both ways. Course some persons aeroplanes just for the lurching. Well, when it come hurrying headfirst down the hill by the hospital you can't hardly open your mouth for the pitch. There, now, I lost me bit of Snowball. Puts me in mind of me gentleman what drinks me Gleamo what I been shining where he keep his Benadictaphine. That cause a stir. But the real treat come as a bolt from the balloon even when you took the Thirty-five every time you has a vocation like what I done. There, now, I been and dropped me hear-ring in the bucket what me last lady give me. Beautiful lady she were. Seventy-seven feet high and next the lift. Not that I done in a flat before. Truth is I goes out first thing in uniform. But when I been out forty years side fastenings come in and me sister says

there ain't no more cause for lady's maids, so that's what started me doing like what I done. I done with butlers and footmen, livery and otherwise. Real high life. Them footmen! Not but me flat lady weren't high too and all her pipes solid copper. She give me them gems on me retardment. She can't never ring her own ears on account of their defectment. Water don't run through them same as it do the ordinary. The plumber has to poke a bit of wire down quarter-days. Once I takes a peep inside and, copper or no, all I can say is, well! After that I gets me ears holed decent. But one's a bit loose and if me head ain't kept straight it drops off. Mind you, ma'am, if you gets holes put, tell the Brigadier to hold his cork behind when he sticks the darner through or he might upset your brains. They only dangles like that through being holler. Anybody'd be better using them than idling there in the otterman. There you sits inside quite quiet like and all of a sudden it nip across the road and pop in under the wainscoting what hold up the Waterloo Bridge. Next thing you're screeching round in the dark with nowt but a wall of death stopping you roaring into all them other trams. They used to belong to me lady's aunt but she can't lie down in them no more so she give them away. Not but what you give me ain't welcome, ma'am, though it do hang down a bit. Still, fur-lined's the rage. It ain't so dark as you'd think, neither. There's lights. Some outside and the usuals in. But being so erotic them what's inside keeps going out when the tram tremble. Look at Saturday! I only says to the Brigadier, Thursday, it's real dangerous. Still, you're all right if you keeps your knees covered. Only they must be wool. And once they're on, they're on, I says, till church Easter. Course you won't get nothing like that in them Americas. They has trams but not without horses. You won't never get no horse to look down that hole. Look at Tuesday! Right up the back door and the drain blocked. Though you're all right up top. And the climbaz come when you leasts expect. Soon as the driver accentuate that tram go dashing up the inclination and out to the air. It fair knocks your breath out not allowing for the way what it stop dead on account of being the middle of the Southampton Row. The gentleman what stand there seeing it all done regular don't never look nothing but taken aback each time. You'd never think it could. But it do.



"We're hoping that one day he'll remember his errand and go off as mysteriously as he came."



Ballade of Cultural Ambition

No more thus mute and passive will I lie,
By others' brilliance cowardly deterred.
I want to be the baker, not the pie,
I want to be the stirrer, not the stirred;
My spirit faints with hope too long deferred
To be men's Guide to Learning's Holy Source,
Their Newer Statesman, their Renowned Last Word.
I want to be an *Intellectual Force*.

"What, you a force?" my rude acquaintance cry.
"A force? What, you?" my ruder children gird.
"Not oft your humour wings a flight so high;
Your mouth was full, or 'twas our ears that erred.
Nay, sooner ask a potter from the sherd,
Bid gluttons fast, or bishops seek divorce."
All right, all right; what if I am absurd?
I want to be an *Intellectual Force*.

On every theme that grows beneath the sky
Men lecture me, nor once have I demurred—
From Neo-Gothic to the Tsetse Fly,
From the Worms Diet to the early Byrd.
Have I no views, albeit somewhat blurred?
No quirks, no fancies, though they be but coarse?
And shall my tongue, mine only, rest unheard?
I want to be an *Intellectual Force*.

Envoi

Prince, lo, behold me, booted, breeched and spurred;
I have acquired the cutest hobby-horse.
Fetch then a mike, and cry me on the Third;
I want to be an *Intellectual Force*. M. H. L.



DAVID LANGDON

M. ALBERT CAMUS is spoken of by the *avant-garde* in the awed whisper used for Sartre. He has a rising reputation in France, but I think he will have to show us something better than *Caligula* if he is to find admirers here outside the ranks of those (and admittedly they seem to be on the increase) who swoon with ecstasy at the first delirious whiff of Existentialism. This windy narcotic, for which each of its disciples appears to have a different formula, has the effect on them of lulling criticism and suggesting the presence of all kinds of absent virtues, intellectual and otherwise. The drug alleged to be used in Russian trials could do its work no more completely.

M. CAMUS takes a few simple and not very original thoughts on the human passions, noble and ignoble, and dresses them up to seem very grand and clever. The gist of his play is so obscure that almost any interpretation could safely be put on it, which may be rather comforting in a way, like a reversible overcoat with a macintosh lining, but is hardly a recommendation. It is a portrait of a debauched young lunatic, a Roman Emperor, but bearing very little resemblance to the real Caligula, so far as I could see, except that he is undoubtedly mad and behaves extremely unpleasantly. He has a morbid desire to wield power as no other man has wielded it, and a perverted delight in poisoning and butchering his friends, ravishing their wives, and wrecking the economy of Rome. He believes, as most madmen do, that in all this he is being wonderfully logical; but where the play becomes most confusing is that its author seems to want us to agree with *Caligula* that there is a certain beauty in the sheer size and weight of his crimes, and that such behaviour may be excused to an Emperor sufficiently rare in spirit to wish, as *Caligula* is constantly wishing, to make love to the moon.

A good many hints are dropped about *Caligula's* superhuman understanding of the force of love and poetry, but they are neither amplified

At the Play

Caligula (EMBASSY)—*Dark of the Moon* (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)

nor justified. His mistress makes the astounding assertion that "he has too much soul." Occasionally, as on the steps with *Cherea*, he does show himself capable at least of honest self-assessment (where, incidentally, M. CAMUS also shows to what good use he can put his powers of dialogue when he has a mind to); but the next moment he is again behaving like one of the

to give some edge to the amorphous character of *Caesonia*, *Caligula's* mistress (whether she indeed thought him almost a god, or was only flattering him to keep alive—and who would blame her?—is one of the unsolved mysteries of the play), Mr. LAURENCE PAYNE's upright *Cherea* is refreshing, and Mr. LYNDEN BROOK's young poet *Scipio* is good enough to make one wish more had been made, as it might have been, of the part.

"I allus said no good could come of gittin' married in the General Store." This is going to be my favourite line from modern drama in a paternal recriminatory vein. It comes from a quaint and oddly stirring entertainment called *Dark of the Moon*, which brings a new and interesting flavour from America to the Lyric, Hammersmith. Back-woods fantasy that starts slowly and deceives one by threatening to become dilute *Oklahoma!* with a dash of pantomime sorcery, it soon sidesteps into a line of its own, gentle satire on a farm community, with a love-story running through it which ends, unlike most American romances, unhappily, and does so because the gentleman is a witch. He has got himself unwatched in order to marry the belle of Buck Creek (which the bucks of Buck Creek don't like) on the understanding that he can remain a mortal if his wife is faithful to him for a year. A last-moment infidelity, curious fruit of a



[*Caligula*]

THE KILLER AND HIS MOLL

| | | |
|-----------------|-------|--------------------|
| <i>Caligula</i> | | MR. MICHAEL YANNIS |
| <i>Caesonia</i> | | MISS MARY MORRIS |

little monsters out of Belloc. Which is what he is, an insignificant, adolescent criminal whom no amount of gaudy wrapping, and certainly not the lurid ballet with which this play is filled out, will make a dramatic figure. His posturing and raving ceased to have any interest, for me at any rate, long before the last act was out.

This strange encounter is at the Embassy. Mr. MICHAEL YANNIS plays *Caligula* with a liberal display of temperament, but his performance falls short in the middle ranges both of voice and emotion. Mr. LEONARD SACHS does very well as *Helicon*, the trimmer, Miss MARY MORRIS contrives

revivalist meeting, unties the knot, the girl dies and the boy goes back to ride a broomstick. Their story is touching; the two seductive witches who trail them zealously are very funny; the folk-songs that suddenly blaze up are used with economy and splendidly sung; but the chief merit lies in the extraordinary vitality of the crowd-scenes. You should certainly go to Hammersmith. Mr. PETER BROOK's production shows an uncanny sense of atmosphere throughout; Mr. WILLIAM SYLVESTER and Miss SHEILA BURRELL play the lovers beautifully, and many others contribute delightfully sharp little studies of comic character. ERIC.

Deathly Foe

MUMMY! Mummy, where's my code? Well, my secret code—a piece of paper, a bit torn it was, with some letters and lines and things on it. Well, it might have been under my pillow, or it might have been on the table by the bed, or it might have dropped on the floor under the bed—under the bed, I think it was... Well, Mummy, if you swept it up, where did you put it?

Do you mean you burnt it up, my secret code—*burnt it up*? Well, Mummy, it was a message for Martin, it was what I did in bed last night: Mummy, why did you *burn it up*, why? Well, of course, what I write down is important: *very* important it was; and I haven't got time to do it again now, and I was just going to leave it for him because their teacher has come back and we don't have to have two classes in one class any more; and with Christopher having a cold and you won't let him get up, how can we bash Peter if you go and burn up my secret code, how *can* we? Mummy, may I take this pole to school, please?

Well, to bash Peter. *Bash* him, Mummy, we want to bash him; he's my Deathly Foe, we've got to bash him. *George*? George is all right: that was last week. George is going to help us bash Peter, it's all his fault, and now my draught-board is spoilt.

Well, my draught-board, the one I'm making. You haven't got to know I'm making it—it's a surprise for the end of term, but you can easily not remember. Mummy, *he would* keep on dipping his rubber in my glue-pot. Peter, Mummy, I told you. *My* glue-pot: he only had to share it because of being two classes in one class. Mummy, *his rubber*. So I sloshed him in the eye with the glue-brush. Mummy, it *wasn't* bashing, it was only sloshing; and he took my wallpaper that I was sticking on and scrumpled it all up: Mummy, *my wallpaper*. Well, on the draught-board of course; why did you think I should stick it on a wall? Well, it's the way you *make* a draught-board, with two pieces of cardboard, only not touching because of having to open, and a piece of thick gummy stuff down the back, and things they call green hinges, I think, and then you stick on the wallpaper. I don't know about *squares*: they might be on the other side—we haven't got to that yet. He scrumpled it all up and threw it on the floor.

So then I sloshed him with the brush again, full of glue, and the glue-pot upset on to him, and Miss Bickley said I was

disturbing, Mummy, and said go out of the room, and I didn't go so she *pushed* me—Mummy, she *pushed* me. What do you mean, you don't blame her—*pushing* me? I told her it wasn't my fault and she said she didn't want to hear.

Mummy, what do you *mean*? It was *all* Peter's fault; he *kept on* dipping his rubber in my glue. And afterwards when we came out he said I'd spoilt *his* work, whatever it was—something very silly, it was—and he got a huge pole as long as from here to the gate, to kill me with. Mummy, of course he could lift it; he's *very* strong—well, it was *nearly* as long as from here to the gate. So me and Martin are going to bash him, Mummy, and please may I take this pole? Well, if it's only a

broom-handle, why can't I have it? You've *got* a broom. Miss Bickley says you can make draughts out of chopped-up broom handles. Mummy, why do you always think everything's my fault, and why won't you let me bash him, with no pole, and you've burnt up my secret message, and Mummy, he's my Deathly Foe, I've got to do something to him; why don't you want me to bash him when he's my Deathly Foe, Mummy, why don't you?

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Judiciously Selective

"Since the installation of — in our auditorium, we have heard nothing but the highest praise," writes Mrs. Maude M. T.—."From an American advertisement of a sound-conditioning system.





"You are thoughtless and prodigal. Your demand for extra pay embarrasses the Government and threatens to sabotage the nation's drive for recovery. You do not seem to realize that we are still living well beyond our means, by something like three hundred million pounds a year, and that our only hope of balancing the nation's account is to export more and more and to import as little as possible. You are irresponsible, selfish and disloyal. You have a chance to restore the prosperity of the nation, to make the world safe for democracy and the future bright and glorious for your children, and yet you fritter away your productive capacity by . . ."

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Imagist

THE Complete Poems of RICHARD ALDINGTON (WINGATE, 16/-) come, one feels, as the swan-song of the Imagists. Judgment is hard, for Mr. ALDINGTON's principal output was during the years immediately before, including, and immediately after the period of the first world-war, and, because he so faithfully caught one aspect of the spirit of those years—the experimental, highly contemporary aspect—his work, for anyone who lived through that period, is charged with nostalgia. This is especially true of "Images" (1910-15) and "Images of War" (1919). If one surveys Mr. ALDINGTON's work as a whole, this nostalgic quality appears to diminish in effect as the poet grows older. His technique and idiom remain static; and in his later work—especially after "A Dream in the Luxembourg" (1930)—he no longer interprets the contemporary scene, but continues to speak in cool, limpid, rhythmical prose occasionally rising into lyricism:

"Or the lovelier fragile clouds
Poised like warm snow in the summer air,"

but more often plodding in such lines as:

"Most unbecoming men who strove with Haig."

He is haunted for ever by war (in dreams "Then I arose and took my rifle") and hampered always by his Imagist,

vers libre theories, for, particularly in his longer narrative passages, the rhymeless lines, lacking the flexibility of blank verse, become monotonous, the key is pitched too flatly. Of the integrity of his particular poetic vision there is no question; but it seems fair to say of that vision that it is limited. Nevertheless, within those limits it must have influenced a whole generation of younger writers to whom the Imagist *vers libre* has become an accepted form of poetic language in which to speak—or, alas! to stammer.

R. C. S.

Francis Yeats-Brown

There is much of interest in Sir EVELYN WRENCH's biography of his cousin *Francis Yeats-Brown* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 15/-), but the book is disconnected and inconclusive, partly no doubt because Yeats-Brown himself was so uncertain about what he wanted to do and so changeable in his enthusiasms. As a subaltern in India, where he developed a keen taste for pig-sticking, he applied for leave to set out for Agra "to study the Kingly Wisdom and Kingly Mystery of the Unborn, Undying, Unbegun." Nearly a quarter of a century later he was again roaming round India, tentatively searching for enlightenment and being counselled by a sage "to choose between what is necessary in your life and what is not so necessary." The great success of "Bengal Lancer" in 1930, when he was forty-four, had given him plenty of distractions, but though these soon palled he could not find a counter-acting enthusiasm strong enough to carry him in any particular direction. His old interest in spiritual development stirred again when he visited India to write a sequel to "Bengal Lancer"; but it was soon displaced by his feeling for Mussolini and Hitler, whose new orders seemed to promise something much finer than England, effete and decadent, could hope to produce. When the war came the authorities were cold towards him, to his surprise, and not long before his death he wrote: "Strange world that Joe Stalin should be acclaimed almost as a British patriot, while I am considered almost a traitor."

H. K.

On the Leviathan's Back

"Teaching," says Miss ANNE TRENEER, "has been a great interruption to my way of life." Looking back on that same life—which after she left the "School House in the Wind" has been applied, so to speak, to schools and universities—you realize what she means. A schoolmaster's daughter, she "just drifted" into teaching. Her sister taught. Of her four brothers, none became the much-desired Cornish farmer. But all her own years were *Cornish Years* (CAPE, 12/6), whether she worked in Liverpool, Oxford or Birmingham. Cornwall and a Celtic poet's feeling for English Letters make her delightful book, as they made her (academically speaking) eccentric and successful career. Her conclusions are up-to-date and prophetic. The family should be the unit. The bookish child should be kept in touch with the land. There is something "faintly monstrous" in segregating children of one age. She agrees with Professor Collingwood of "The New Leviathan" that parents should teach their own children, calling in a specialist or two as required. The superstitious awe with which her profession has invested itself amuses Miss TRENEER; and she has a genuine tenderness for the Cornish schoolmaster caught brewing beer on the school premises. "I don't think it is the right place for brewing beer," said the inspector. "No," said the schoolmaster, "but it is the best place I have."

H. P. E.

Winchester

Winchester College (WINCHESTER PUBLICATIONS, 30/-) is the third public school to be treated in this series. Eton was handled lightly and charmingly, with a hopeful view of the future, and Harrow competently and earnestly from a standpoint little influenced by the events of the last thirty-five years. The peculiarity of *Winchester College* is that its author, the Reverend J. D'E. Firth, Chaplain and assistant master in the school, combines a deep love for Winchester with a keen understanding of the changes which every institution is perpetually undergoing. His book is therefore not a celebration of an imaginary Winchester in the past and a lament over the perils which threaten it now, but a well-balanced account of all the phases it has gone through since it was founded by William of Wykeham, "this pluralist accumulator of the fattest ecclesiastical preferment, this politician who knew all the tricks of the trade." From Henry VIII to Oliver Cromwell was a difficult time, during which the Wardens "dodged and ducked and shuffled," but brought the college triumphantly through. In the eighteenth century there were no external threats, but much internal disorder, the masters troubling themselves little with discipline, and the senior boys behaving with the cruelty denounced by Sydney Smith. The author traces very skilfully the ameliorating influences which civilized the school during the nineteenth century; and has nothing but praise for the Winchester of to-day, due allowance made for the lowering of standards during the war, when many of the regular staff were away.

H. K.

Faithless

In a kind of apologia for her new novel, *Every Man a Stranger* (JARROLD'S, 10/6), Miss ETHEL MANNIN writes: "This is not to 'justify' Lance Lannan in the pattern he quite cold-bloodedly and deliberately made of his life. He was unlikeable, and on several major issues contemptible. Yet in the last major issue of his life he was not contemptible." In following the life of such an odious hero, the author weights the scales so heavily against her book that (if one believes that a novel should be a patch of pleasure) it is difficult to be fair to it. Yet this story of a man who loved one dog and half-loved several women is not convincing because the other characters too are like paper cut-outs. The tale should be exciting in itself: plenty happens. Lance, as an unscrupulous journalist, friend, lover and betrayer of his country, has many adventures, and the narrative never flags. Miss MANNIN is an able though unpolished writer, but there is no humour and there are few sparks.

B. E. B.

Justice Holmes

To-day's popular biography, with its largely conjectural detail, is in danger of losing in justice what it gains in vivacity. The temptation to play off one character against another, when you have anything of a creator's omnipotence, is too strong. Mrs. CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN'S *Yankee from Olympus* (BENN, 25/-) produces a dignified portrait of Abiel Holmes, Congregational minister; a somewhat malicious picture of his son, Oliver Wendell Holmes; and exhibits Abiel's grandson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, junior, chiefly as a righteous reaction to his father's egoism. It is true that young Holmes, thrice wounded, patched up, and sent back to the miniature shambles of the War of Secession, returned to Boston sickened of "this snug, over-safe corner of the world"; and his magnificent impartiality

as a judge seems to have been fortified by his scorn for his father's social success. But the author of "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay" should not have been pilloried for the defects of his qualities. After all, the light verse, the prattling essays, kept "The Autocrat's" son at Harvard and financed his early marriage; while something of his grandfather's spiritual rectitude made the great judge who infuriated both Capital and Labour, and the seer who warned his country in 1913 that we were "running through the world's resources at a pace we cannot keep." H. P. E.

Time Was.

Mr. C. H. B. KITCHIN has given shape to *The Auction Sale* (SECKER AND WARBURG, 8/6), a novel that unfolds mainly through a woman's memory, by making the dispersal of the contents of a beloved country house trip the hair-triggers of reminiscence in her mind. "I suppose nobody in the world, except me," thought Miss Elton, "will ever know that I kept my handkerchiefs in that right-hand top drawer." This is a thought everyone will recognize. As she watches neighbours and dealers clawing over the precious symbols of a life that is completely past, she relives her eight years at Ashleigh Place as secretary to the desiccated Mr. Durrant and friend to his lonely wife, pathetically in love with a romantic Swedish botanist. They were years happy enough to make Miss Elton look back sadly, but though they were quiet on the surface the currents below it were not easily forgotten—the widening rift between her employers, the tragic illness of the child, her own feelings for the botanist. Mr. KITCHIN cuts his characters clearly, and can cut them comic on occasion. He is not a sentimentalist; the fitting together of this emotional jigsaw is delicately done, and Miss Elton's nostalgia is in effective contrast to the rather brutal joviality of the sale, the atmosphere of which is very well described. By the end of this pleasing novel we share and understand Miss Elton's heartache.

E. O. D. K.





"Wait till they are nationalized—you'll have to put down what you're told then!"

A Long Ship

IT'S an outrage!" declared Captain Poop, bringing down his fist on to the saloon table with a force that well-nigh shattered a ship's biscuit.

"Utterly preposterous!" said Godfrey Fitzherbert, the Chief Engineer.

"The owners maun be clean dis-jaskit tae contemplate sic a daft-like whigmaleerie," contributed McSumph, his principal assistant.

"Disjaskit or not," said Bilgewater, the First Mate, grinding his teeth together with a noise like a cargo of Narvik ore shifting in a rough sea, "if I had the owners aboard this ship for a voyage round the Horn I'd—"

"Quite so, Mr. Bilgewater," interposed the Captain hastily. "We should all, I feel sure, heartily approve of the course of action you have in mind. The fact remains, however, that our owners have issued this instruction; and as they have declared their intention of personally ensuring that it is carried out, we can only render them the same loyal obedience which we ourselves

expect from our subordinates. Gentlemen, we must face the facts. The *Porpentine* will sail from this port of Cardiff a dry ship!"

To appreciate fully the injustice of this mandate of the *Porpentine*'s owners it must be realized that Captain Poop's command had enjoyed for many years the reputation, in every port from Cape Town to Prince Rupert, of a sober and well-conducted ship. The Captain had always set his face sternly against over-indulgence; but at the same time he believed in mitigating as far as possible the hardships of a seafaring life, and to this end he had never denied the right of every man aboard to his tot of rum at one, three, five, seven and eight bells in each watch. "It keeps the men happy," he would say. In the dog-watches, whose duration was only four bells, the tots which would have been distributed in a watch of normal length were the perquisite of the bo's'n. Captain Poop often declared that a cheerier shipmate

than the bo's'n he had never known. And now, to gratify a whim of her owners, the *Porpentine* must face the unknown hazards of the deep without a drop of excisable liquor aboard. As Godfrey Fitzherbert observed to the Second Engineer, it was a flagrant breach of the implied warranty of seaworthiness in the charter-party; but the owners (four brothers of the name of McFlint, who had saved the price of their first ship out of their Old Age Pensions in 1921, and now controlled a fleet of seventeen vessels) were stubborn men, and there was nothing for the *Porpentine*'s crew to do but make the best of it.

The day of sailing arrived, and the owners duly carried out their threat to search the ship before she left port. The search occupied a considerable time, and when the four brothers foregathered in the Captain's cabin to compare results, Hamish, the youngest, had collected four and a quarter gallons of rum; Campbell, the next junior,

eight gallons and two magnums of champagne; and McGregor, who was ninety-six, proudly displayed a case of Hollands gin, two crates of beer, a small barrel of port wine, and (from the Chief Engineer's cabin) a bottle labelled "Hair Tonie" which had proved to contain absinthe. Only the eldest brother, Whunstane McFlint, had drawn blank, the necessity of having his bath-chair carried up and down the companion-ways rendering it difficult for him to achieve the element of surprise. Incensed at his lack of success, he sat glowering at his brothers and at the Captain, who was bearing up manfully against the dreary prospect ahead of him.

"Well, gentlemen," said Captain Poop, drawing the cork from a bottle of lemonade, "I trust you will join me in drinking to the success of our voyage?"

Hamish, Campbell and McGregor accepted the hospitable invitation; but Whunstane, indicating his refusal by a grunt, withdrew his chair from the circle around the festive board. While healths were being drunk and badinage exchanged, he wheeled himself stealthily into the Captain's bedroom; and presently a cry of mingled rage and satisfaction brought the others hot-foot to join him. He had turned back the mattress of the bunk; and there, lying on the boards, were twenty-seven bottles of Scotch whisky.

Captain Poop's fury against the vile cunning of the miscreant (who refused to come forward) who had perpetrated

this dastardly act knew no bounds; he declared that he would have every man-jack aboard triced up to the funnel-stays by his thumbs for the entire voyage, and the bo's'n's admission that he had mislaid the ball of string that was used for tricing did nothing to placate him. The McFlints left in an atmosphere of sordid suspicion; the anchor was raised without the usual musical accompaniment, and when it was aboard the cable was left lying in a heap instead of being neatly rolled into a ball; and it was with heavy hearts that the crew addressed themselves to the task of filling the bunkers from the cargo of coal which the *Porpentine* was carrying to Buenos Aires.

We shall not attempt to probe the feelings of her gallant Captain as he sat alone in his cabin that evening. After vainly seeking solace in ginger ale, aspirins, strong tea and finally, in desperation, a bottle of patent cough-medicine, he retired to his bunk and tossed uneasily until morning. Then he rose, dressed, and ordered the steward to send Mr. Bilgewater up to him for the day's orders.

After an unusually lengthy interval the Mate appeared. He too was evidently suffering from strain, for his hair was dishevelled and his eyes roamed glassily about the cabin. The fact that he had absentmindedly put on his braces over his tunic gave him a somewhat bizarre appearance.

"Mr. Bilgewater," said the Captain, "the ship is like a pigsty. I shall be

obliged if you will set all hands to holystoneing the deck. After that they can holystone the bridge. If there is any time left before dinner, they may as well holystone the funnel."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Bilgewater.
"Aye, aye, aye. Aye, aye, aye, aye—"

"Mr. Bilgewater!"

"Aye, aye, sir?"

The Captain passed his hand across his forehead. "Mr. Bilgewater," he said, "were it not that I know it to be impossible, I should suspect you had been drinking."

"Drinking?" said the Mate indignantly. "Look at my hand!" He thrust a fist the size of a leg of mutton under the Captain's nose. "Stoddy as a wreck," he observed. "Ready as a stock, I mean."

Captain Poop rose from his chair, came close to the Mate and sniffed. "Mr. Bilgewater," he said, a softer note creeping into his voice, "where did you get it?"

"The bo's'n," replied Bilgewater, simply and not without dignity, "has rilled the forepeak ballast-tank with fum."

* * * *

It was the Second Engineer who had the happy notion of connecting the forepeak ballast-tank to the domestic water-supply. For the remainder of the voyage (one of the most successful in the annals of the *Porpentine*) hot and cold rum gushed from the taps in every cabin.

G. D. R. D.

Enchantment in Bond Street

EVERY school of painting requires a different degree of imaginative sympathy; and perhaps the one most readily appreciated, inasmuch as its appeal is primarily to the visual sense rather than to the mind, is the exquisite seventeenth-century art of the Netherlands. Seascapes, flower-pieces, homely interiors, detailed landscapes and conversation-pieces—such glimpses, depicted with scrupulous truth to nature, reveal a momentarily arrested and vivid world which delights the eye before allowing free play to the fancy.

A precious loan collection of Dutch and Flemish masterpieces at Slatter's Bond Street Gallery offers an escape to this magic dominion. The paintings are admirably hung, and a number of works (even though they come from different private collections) are happily paired, which gives a certain unity

to an assembly of various *genres*. Van de Cappelle's calm sea-piece lent by Captain Spencer-Churchill, for example, matches the Earl of Crawford's painting by this artist of still water which mirrors the sails of ships at anchor, beneath a high cloudy sky; and again, an uncharacteristic little panel of a man, painted with a miniaturist's brush by Frans Hals, has a companion-piece in the portrait of a lady limned with the same delicacy and discernment. Elsewhere a pair of skating scenes by Van der Neer have caught for all time the glitter of a frosty morning in seventeenth-century Holland.

The rarest jewels of the collection, however, are Rembrandt's four panels and a canvas, all in private possession and all but one very early works. The earliest, and in some respects the finest, is a portrait of the artist's father, Harmen Gerritszoon van

Rijn, painted in about 1630 when Rembrandt was twenty-four. The sitter is wearing a black cap with a long ostrich feather, and over his dark coat a gleaming steel gorget; but it is on the face that one's eye alights—alights and fastens to admire the assured brush-work and the artist's penetrating eye for the character of his model. More freely handled, but otherwise showing no advance on this precocious early work, is "A Woman with a Rosebud" posed against a dark background, painted more than thirty years later. The exhibition, which is held for a charitable purpose, should not be missed.

N. A. D. W.

* * *

Watertight Verdict Corner

"Keen but lacks enthusiasm."
From a school report.

Canned, Corned Meat

NOW that we have got used to the thing again, now that the tumult and the shouting and a few people with exceptionally weak stomachs have died, I like to remember the way the newspapers announced the reappearance of bully beef in the meat ration this year. "From Sunday," said mine, smoothly but firmly, "the shilling meat ration will consist of tenpennyworth of carcase meat and twopennyworth of canned, corned meat." This is practically a perfect example of the careful choice of words to produce a desired impression, and it's what the country needs.

Take "canned, corned meat." Take twopennyworth of it for a start. Now I lived on practically nothing but canned, corned meat for a period of some weeks during the late war. Some of my household say they lived on it for months. Some say years. At any rate we all had plenty of it. But do you think this announcement, that we were to get some more canned, corned meat, disturbed us in any way? Not a bit of it. "The old canned, corned meat," we told each other. "Here it comes again, and it's a pleasure to see it." And then our faces fell. "Only twopennyworth of it," we said, "and still tenpennyworth of that old carcase meat. Ugh."

At least, I feel sure we should have said all this if some tactless sub-editor had not seen fit to shove in bold, black characters at the head of that discreet statement the brutal words "BULLY BEEF IS BACK IN RATION." Sub-editors no doubt get a feeling of power from seeing their readers cringe, but the question arises whether such a loud-mouthed braying of coarse facts does not amount in this instance to something perilously near a subversive activity. I said as much to my companions of the breakfast table.

"Is that what it is?" said Andrew. "Bully beef?"

"That is what it is known as," I explained, "in vulgar parlance."

"Fancy," said Andrew. "Canned, corned meat. Two distinct processes. I'd no idea they went to all that trouble with it."

"I don't think they do really," said George thoughtfully. "I think it's more the announcement they go to the trouble with."

But Andrew wasn't listening. "What was that other stuff you mentioned?" he asked. "That we were to get tenpennyworth of? It sounded awful."

"Carcase meat," I replied.

"Good heavens, what will they spring on us next?" he said indignantly. "Carcase meat? It sounds absolutely smelly. What on earth is it?"

I replied that it was just ordinary meat, the kind he had been eating about a shilling's worth of every week for years. He turned quite pale. "Is that what that was?" he said. "Thank goodness I didn't get any more of it."

You see what can be done by the adroit use of words. Only keep the



André François

headline-writers chained up, and we will soon have the people of this country contented. The housing shortage—what does it mean? Simply that a great many men have to live with their mothers-in-law. Twenty years ago, before anyone had to live with his mother-in-law, this would have been considered uproariously funny. Now nobody dares to make a joke on the subject. It's the wrong spirit. *We mustn't let being fed up get us down.*

Then there is the scarcity of new cars. Many motorists are having to make do with ramshackle old cars that are hardly worth taking out of the garage except to exchange for their weight in gold. They want new cars. But motorists must be made to understand that they should feel an affection for their old cars. How many of us would sell our faithful old horse to a second-hand dealer for a small fortune just because we had a new one? Well, of course, we all would, but not without a pang. It's that pang that must be exploited. It might help if we could arrange for motorists to call their old cars Dobbin. No one is capable of making a profit out of anything called Dobbin; there's magic in the word. There's probably even more magic in "Dobbin" than there is in "canned, corned meat"; in fact some people think that a certain amount of canned, corned meat was actually called Dobbin at one time.

In short, what we must all aim at is a careful choice of words and no bold, black characters. And don't tell me that a rose by any other name. Why do you suppose Bacon called himself Shakespeare when he wrote that?

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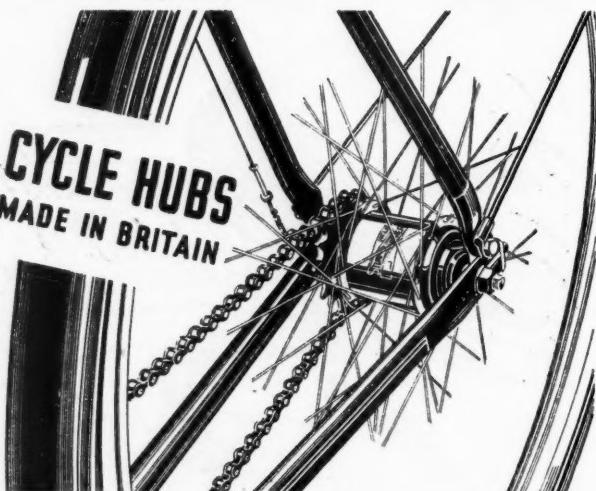
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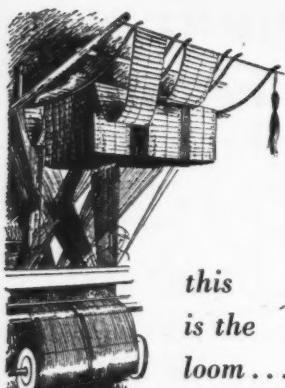


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O.K. But surely that is taken care of by the scheme to draft the National Service men into the Territorials after their demob? Won't that meet the need?

Partly, yes. But there's a missing link in that plan. These youngsters need the guidance and leadership of seasoned men as instructors, N.C.O.'s & Officers. Surely the 'Regulars' can provide those? Not by a long way. The Regular Army is far too small to provide the large number of experienced soldiers required by the Territorials.

So it comes back to us, does it?

It does. The success or failure of our plan for a single national army of defence depends to a very great extent upon how many men like you with last-war service to their credit are willing to give up a couple of hours a week and a few days a year in camp.

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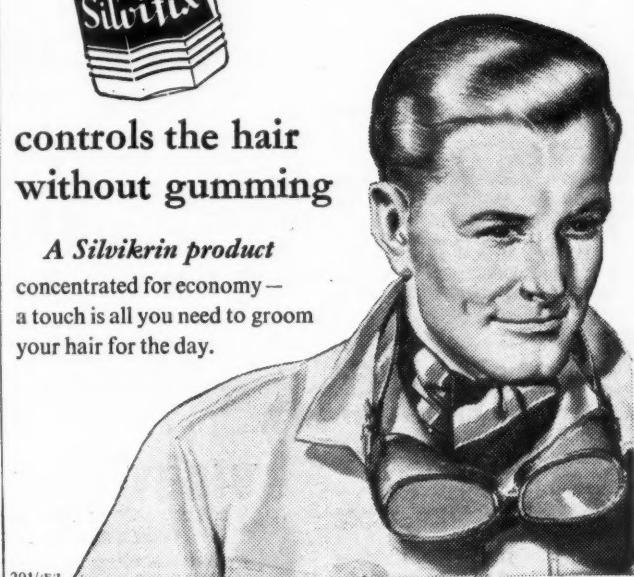
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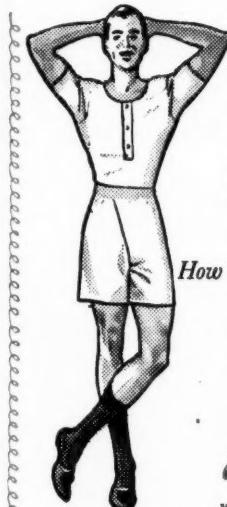
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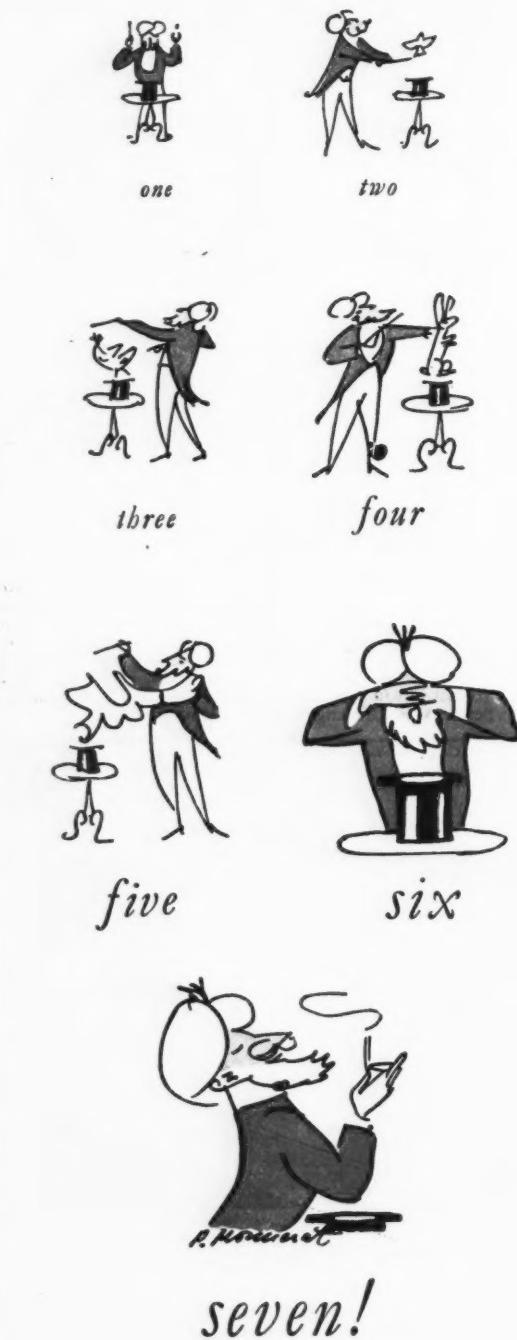
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